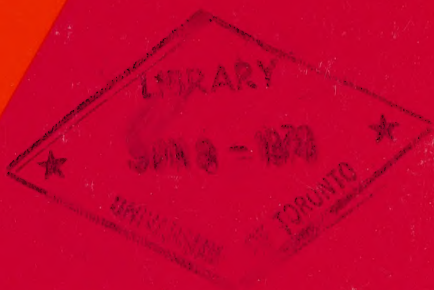


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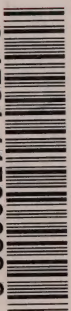
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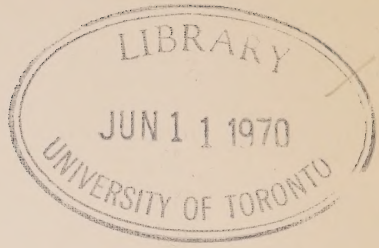


Young  
Canada  
Sings

Le  
jeune  
Canada  
chante

3 1761 11709688 3





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“Young Canada Sings” was designed and edited for the use of participants in the Young Voyageurs Program. The songs collected in this book are representative of Canada’s rich heritage of musical folklore in both English and French, and are part of our history.

You may not be familiar with all of the songs, but here is an opportunity for you to learn and appreciate some of the great wealth of folk-tradition which is ours to enjoy.

Guitar chords and the melody line have been included for many of the songs in this collection, and a separate section of international folk songs is also part of this publication.

This book can afford you many hours of enjoyment and downright fun. Learn the songs you do not know, get out your guitars and harmonicas, and above all sing out across this land of ours.

#### AVANT-PROPOS

*“Le jeune Canada chante” vous apporte des heures de divertissement. Il a été conçu tout spécialement à votre intention pour vous permettre de découvrir et d’apprécier le patrimoine folklorique que nous ont légué nos ancêtres et que les chansonniers contemporains continuent d’enrichir.*

*Le programme des jeunes Voyageurs offre l’occasion de mettre en commun des richesses culturelles de toutes les régions du Canada.*

*Ce recueil peut encore servir de point de départ ou de guide pour l’exploration de la chanson du folklore au Canada. On y trouvera les paroles et la mélodie d’une sélection variée de chansons canadiennes, avec à l’occasion les accords pour la guitare. Une partie du recueil a été consacrée au folklore international.*

*Nous sommes assurés que l’échange de chansons de folklore avec des jeunes des autres régions de notre pays vous sera un enrichissement culturel. Faites retentir vos chants par tout notre vaste Canada. Chantez notre beau pays!*



## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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# SONGS OF CANADA

## CHANSONS DU CANADA

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### SECTION I

## O CANADA

The melody of O Canada was composed by Calixa Lavallée (1824-1891), a well-known Quebec composer and pianist, for a festival sponsored by La Société Saint-Jean-Baptiste in 1880. The French words were written by Judge A. R. Routhier. While it became popular in Quebec, it was not heard in the rest of Canada for nearly twenty years. In 1908 Dr. Stanley Weir wrote the English words which have become generally accepted today.

*Calixa Lavallée (1824-1891), compositeur et pianiste bien connu au Québec, a composé l'hymne "O Canada" pour un festival organisé par la société Saint-Jean-Baptiste en 1880. Le Juge A.-R. Routhier en a écrit les paroles. Même si l'O Canada est devenu populaire au Québec, il a fallu près de vingt ans avant qu'il soit connu dans le reste du Canada. Le docteur Stanley Weir a écrit en 1908 les paroles en anglais acceptées maintenant presque par tout le pays.*

1. O Canada! Terre de nos aïeux,  
Ton front est ceint de fleurons  
glorieux!  
Car ton bras sait porter l'épée,  
Il sait porter la croix!  
Ton histoire est une épopée  
Des plus brillants exploits,  
Et ta valeur, de foi trempée,  
Protégera nos foyers et nos droits,  
Protégera nos foyers et nos droits.

2. Sous l'oeil de Dieu, près du fleuve  
géant,  
Le Canadien grandit en espérant.  
Il est né d'une race fière,  
Béni fut son berceau;  
Le ciel a marqué sa carrière  
Dans ce monde nouveau,  
Toujours guidé par sa lumière  
Il gardera l'honneur de son drapeau,  
Il gardera l'honneur de son drapeau.

3. De son patron, précurseur du vrai  
Dieu,  
Il porte au front l'auréole de feu,  
Ennemi de la tyrannie,  
Mais plein de loyauté,  
Il veut garder dans l'harmonie  
Sa fière liberté,  
Et par l'effort de son génie,  
Sur notre sol asseoir la vérité,  
Sur notre sol asseoir la vérité.

1. O Canada! Our home and native land!  
True patriot-love in all thy sons  
command.  
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,  
The True North, strong and free,  
And stand on guard, O Canada,  
We stand on guard for thee.  
Refrain:  
O Canada, glorious and free!  
We stand on guard, we stand on guard  
for thee.  
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee!

2. O Canada! Where pines and maples  
grow,  
Great prairies spread and lordly  
rivers flow,  
How dear to us thy broad domain,  
From East to Western Sea,  
Thou land of hope for all who toil!  
Thou True North, strong and free!

3. O Canada! Beneath thy shining skies  
May stalwart sons and gentle maidens  
rise,  
To keep thee steadfast through the  
years  
From East to Western Sea,  
Our own beloved native land!  
Our True North, strong and free!



## A SAINT MALO, BEAU PORT DE MER

En avril 1534, Jacques Cartier faisait voile de Saint-Malo en France et découvrait et nommait le Fleuve Saint-Laurent. A cause de ce voyage et d'autres voyages qu'il a effectués par la suite, il a été reconnu comme le vrai découvreur du Canada. Cette chanson n'a rien à voir avec ses découvertes, mais la mention même du nom Saint-Malo suscite un sentiment de fierté à l'endroit de Cartier et de son importance pour le Canada et pour ces raisons cette chanson est devenue très populaire au Canada français.

*In April, 1534, Jacques Cartier sailed from Saint Malo, France, and explored and named the St. Lawrence River. In that and subsequent voyages he became known as the true discoverer of Canada. The song has nothing to do with his discoveries, but the very mention of Saint Malo conjures up a sense of pride in Cartier and his importance to Canada, and has caused this song to become popular in French Canada.*

G Em C D7

1. À Saint - Ma - lo, beau port de mer,

G Em C D7 D Bm

À Saint - Ma - lo, beau port de mer, Trois gros na-vir's sont

G Em Refrain G Em

ar - ri - vés. Nous i - rons sur l'eau, nous y

C D7 G Bm D7 G

prom-pro-me-ner, Nous i - rons jou er dans l'i - le.

2. Trois gros navir's sont arrivés, (2  
Chargés d'avoïn', chargés de blé,

3. Chargés d'avoïn', chargés de blé.  
Trois dam's s'en vont les marchander.

4. Trois dam's s'en vont les marchander,  
"Marchand, marchand, combien ton blé?"
5. "Marchand, marchand, combien ton blé?"  
"Trois francs l'avoine, six francs le blé."
6. "Trois francs l'avoine, six francs le blé."  
"C'est bien trop cher d'un' bonn' moitié."
7. "C'est bien trop cher d'un' bonn' moitié."  
"Si j'le vends pas, j'le donnerai."
8. "Si j'le vends pas, j'le donnerai."  
"A ce prix-là, faut s'arranger."

Selected from "Canada's Story in Song" by Edith Fowke, Alan Mills, Helmut Blume. Published by W. J. Gage Ltd., Toronto.

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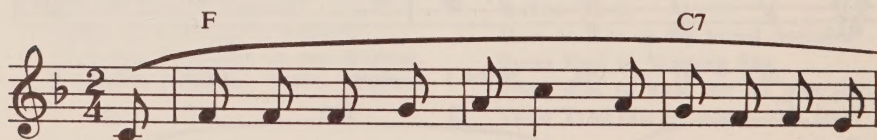
## THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS

The battle of Queenston Heights was probably the most important conflict of the war of 1812. The invading American forces were turned back, but General Brock was killed during the attack.

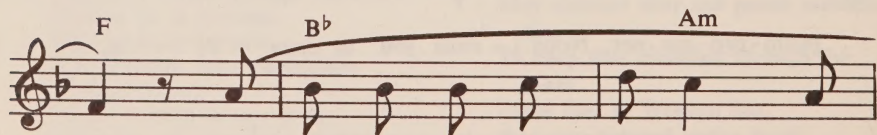
The author of these verses is unknown but they were probably written in 1824 when the memorial to Brock was raised at Queenston Heights. Alan Mills has composed the melody in the folk tradition.

*La bataille de Queenston Heights a sans doute été la plus importante rencontre de la guerre de 1812. Les armées d'invasion américaines ont été battues, mais le Général Brock a été tué au cours de la bataille.*

*L'auteur des paroles demeure inconnu, mais l'on croit que les vers ont été rédigés en 1824 pour l'érection d'un monument à Brock à Queenston Heights. Alan Mills a composé la mélodie dans la tradition folklorique.*



1. Up - on the Heights of Queen - ston one dark Oc - to - ber



day, In - va - ding foes were mar - shalled in

bat - tle's dread ar - ray. Brave Brock looked up the

rug - ged steep and planned a bold at - tack; "No

for - eign flag shall float," said he, "a - bove the Un - ion Jack."

2. His loyal-hearted soldiers were ready every one,  
Their foes were thrice their number, but duty must be done.  
They started up the fire-swept hill with loud resounding cheers,  
While Brock's inspiring voice rang out: "Push on, York Volunteers!"
3. But soon a fatal bullet pierced through his manly breast,  
And loving friends to help him the hero pressed;  
"Push on," he said. "Do not mind me!"—and ere the set of sun  
Canadians held the rugged steep, the victory was won.
4. Each true Canadian soldier laments the death of Brock;  
His country told its sorrow in monumental rock;  
And if a foe should e'er invade our land in future years,  
His dying words will guide us still: "Push on, brave Volunteers!"

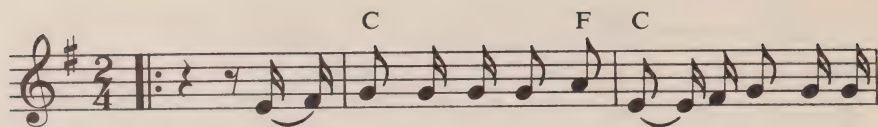
Melody by Alan Mills from *Canada's Story in Song* by Edith Fowke, Alan Mills, and Helmut Blume, published by W. J. Gage Limited. Reprinted by permission of the publisher, Alan Mills and CAPAC. Guitar accompaniment by Bram Morrison also from "Canada's Story in Song". Used by permission.

## LE SERGENT

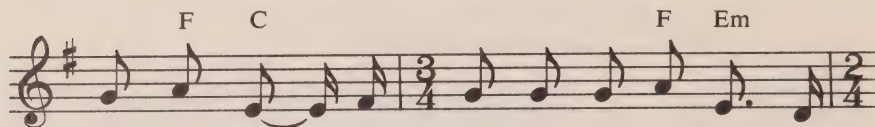
Pendant la révolution américaine, quelques Canadiens français mécontents sont passés au Sud pour participer à la lutte contre la Grande-Bretagne. Cette petite chanson acadienne raconte l'histoire d'un de ces Canadiens qui, contre la volonté de son père, se rend à Boston pour combattre l'Anglais, que est blessé et qui revient chez-lui.

*During the American Revolution a few discontented French-Canadians went South to join in the fight against the British. This little Acadian song tells the story of one such fellow who against his father's wishes goes off to Boston to fight the English, is wounded, and returns home.*

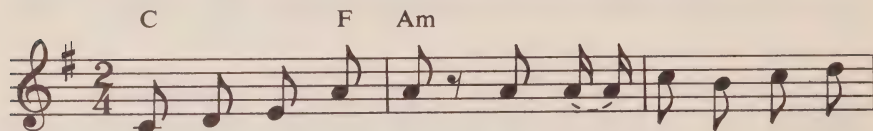




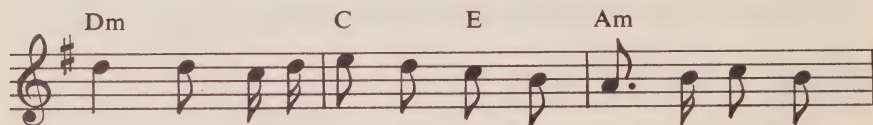
1. "Mon pa - pa, si vous me bat - tez, \_\_ oui j'i - rai



m'en - ga - ger \_\_\_\_ À bord des Bos - ton - nais, bat -



tre con - tre l'An - glais!" À Bos-ton il s'en est al -



lé: "How ma - ny men fi - red a - way?" "Vou - lez - vous



m'en - ga - ger pour un ser - gent guer - rier?" ras!

2. "Oui, nous t'engagerons, si tu veux fair' le bon garçon,  
Nous irons t'y mener à la têt' de l'armé!"  
Le sabre à son côté, et le pistolet à la main,  
François marchait devant comme un vaillant sergent."

3. Dès la première volée, les mâchoir's lui ont fêlé's,  
François tomba en bas; on s'écria: "Houra!"  
Mais il s'est relevé: "How many men fired away?"  
"Il n'faut pas s'arrêter pour un sergent blessé!"

4. François se lamenta à son cher et bon papa  
Qu'il avait été blessé par un coup d'grenadier.  
"Je n'té l'avais-t-y pas bien dit qu'tu périrais par le fusil!"  
A présent t'y voilà, ramass'-toi comm' tu pourras!"

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Guitar accompaniment by Bram Morrison also from "Canada's Story in Song". Used by permission.

## UN CANADIEN ERRANT

A la suite des rébellions dans le Haut et le Bas Canada, plusieurs des rebelles durent s'exiler pour éviter la prison. En 1849, une amnistie générale était accordée et permettait à tous les exilés de revenir au Canada. Ces événements ont inspiré un jeune étudiant à écrire en 1842 cette magnifique chanson dans laquelle il décrit un jeune exilé canadien-français demandant à une rivière coulant vers le Canada de porter ses amitiés à ses amis canadiens.

*Following the rebellions in Upper and Lower Canada many of the rebels had to flee the country to avoid capture. In 1849 a general amnesty was granted and all the exiles were allowed to return to Canada. These events inspired a young student to write this beautiful song in 1842, describing a young French-Canadian exile as he asks a river flowing toward Canada to bring his sad greetings home to his friends.*

1. Un Ca - na - dien er - rant, ban - ni de

ses fo - yers, Un Ca - na - dien er - rant,

ban - ni de ses fo - yers, Par - cou - rait en pleu -

rant des pa - ys é - tran - gers. Par - cou - rait

en pleu - rant des pa - ys é - tran - gers.

2. Un jour, triste et pensif, assis au bord des flots, (2)  
Au courant fugitif il adressa ces mots: (2)
3. "Si tu vois mon pays, mon pays malheureux,  
Va, dis à mes amis que je me souviens d'eux.
4. "O jours si pleins d'appas vous êtes disparus . . .  
Et ma patrie, hélas! Je ne la verrai plus!
5. "Non, mais en expirant, O mon cher Canada!  
Mon regard languissant vers toi se portera . . ."

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## AN ANTI-FENIAN SONG

In 1865 the Fenian Brotherhood, made up mainly of Irishmen who had come to the United States, conceived the idea of invading Canada and thus forcing Britain to grant Ireland its independence. In 1866, one year before Confederation, the Fenian raids began, but for the most part were ineffective and the raiders were driven back. The Canadian volunteers who fought the Fenians felt proud of their victories and wrote this song set to an American civil war tune.

*En 1865, le Fenian Brotherhood, constitué principalement d'Irlandais émigrés aux Etats-Unis conçut le projet d'envahir le Canada de façon à forcer la Grande-Bretagne à accorder l'indépendance à l'Irlande. En 1866, une année avant la Confédération, les Féniens commencèrent leurs incursions qui furent pour la plupart sans résultat puisque les maraudeurs furent repoussés. Les volontaires canadiens qui combattirent les Féniens étaient fiers de leurs victoires et ils ont écrit cette chanson sur un air de la guerre civile américaine.*

B<sup>b</sup> (B<sup>b</sup>7)

1. In the morn - ing by my side sat the  
poor de - lu - ded band dare set

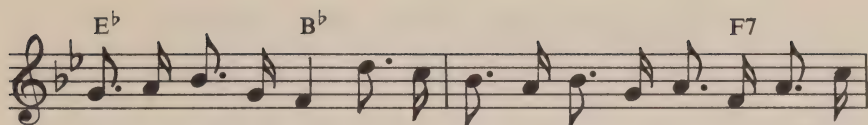
E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>

dar - ling of my pride, And our hap - py chil - dren round us were at  
foot up - on our land Or mo - lest the rights of Eng - land's no - ble

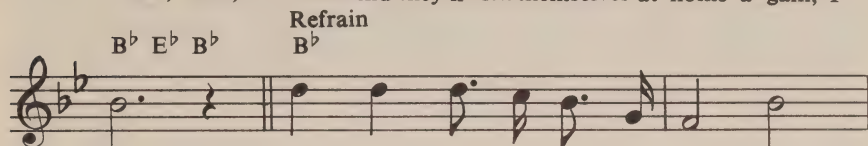
C7 F7 B<sup>b</sup> (B<sup>b</sup>7)

play, When the news spread through the land that the  
Queen, They will meet with Bri - tish pluck En - glish,





Fe-nians were at hand, At our coun-try's call we'll cheer-ful-ly o -  
I - rish, Scot, Ca-nuck And they'll wish themselves at home a - gain, I



bey.  
ween!

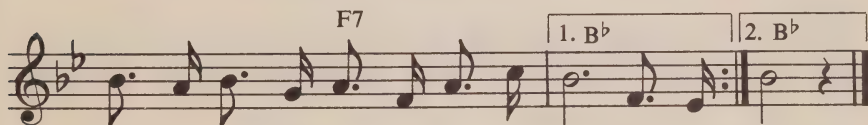
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing!



Cheer up, com - rades, let them come, For be -



neath the U - nion Jack we will drive the Fe-nians back. And we'll



fight for our be - lov'd Ca - na-dian home. 2. Should this home.

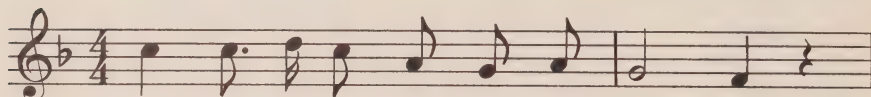
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## O CANADA, MON PAYS, MES AMOURS

Cette émouvante chanson patriotique a été écrite en 1834 par Georges-Etienne Cartier qui devait devenir plus tard un des Pères de la Confédération. La musique est l'oeuvre de J. B. Labelle. Cette chanson est devenue vite populaire au Canada français. La version anglaise a été écrite par J. Murray Gibbon par la suite.

*This stirring patriotic song was written in 1834 by Georges Etienne Cartier, who was later to become one of the Fathers of Confederation. The music was composed by J. B. Labelle, and the song became very popular in French Canada. English words were written by J. Murray Gibbon some time later.*



1. Com - me le dit un vieil a - da - ge,



Rien n'est si beau que son pa - ys!



Et de le chant - er, c'est l'u - sa - ge;



Le mien je chante à mes a - mis,



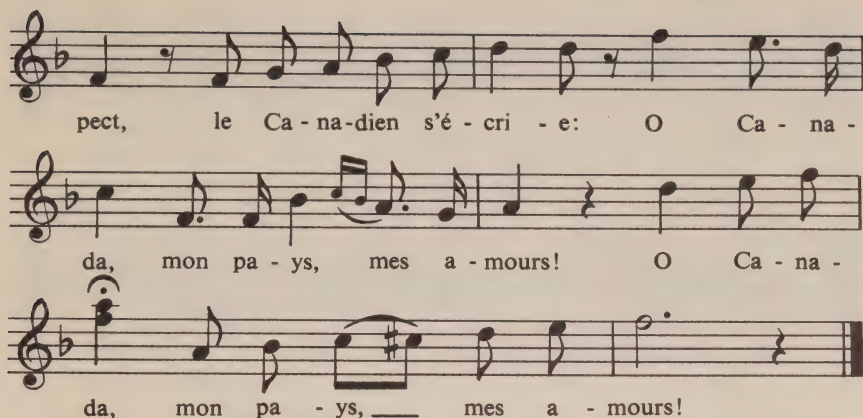
Le mien je chante à mes a - mis. L'é - tran -



ger voit a - vec un oeil d'en - vi - e Du St - Lau -



rent le ma - jes - tu - eux cours; A son as -



**2 Le Canadien, comme ses pères,**  
 Aime à chanter, à s'égayer;  
 Doux, aisé, vif en ses manières,  
 Poli, galant, hospitalier. (bis)

A son pays il ne fut jamais traître;  
 A l'esclavage il résista toujours;  
 Et sa maxime est la paix, le bien-être.  
 Du Canada, son pays, ses amours!

**3 O mon pays! de la nature,**  
 Vraiment, tu fus l'enfant chéri;  
 Mais l'étranger, souvent parjure,  
 En ton sein, le trouble a nourri: (bis)

Puissent tous les enfants enfin se joindre  
 Et, valeureux, voler à ton secours!  
 Car le beau jour déjà commence à poindre.  
 O Canada! mon pays! mes amours!

## OUR HOME, OUR LAND, OUR CANADA

(Melody: The Maple Leaf Forever)

This patriotic song was written in the year of Confederation by Alexander Muir. One day in the fall of 1867 Muir was out walking when a maple leaf floated down and clung persistently to his sleeve. Trying to brush it off he jokingly remarked "the maple leaf forever". He subsequently wrote a poem about it and fitted it to music.

The lyrics in this new version were written by Victor Cowley of Ottawa in 1964, and won the prize as the best new lyric to the old tune in a contest sponsored by the Canadian Authors Association.

*Alexander Muir a écrit cette chanson patriotique l'année de la Confédération. Un jour d'automne en 1867, alors que Muir faisait une marche, une feuille d'érable s'envola et s'accrocha à sa manche, en essayant de l'enlever, il lança la boutade "The Maple Leaf Forever"; par la suite il rédigea un poème sur la feuille d'érable et le mit en musique.*

*Les vers de cette nouvelle version ont été écrits par Victor Cowley d'Ottawa en 1964 et ils ont valu à l'auteur le prix d'un concours organisé par l'Association des auteurs canadiens.*





G C G

hold on high and proud - ly fly  
save the Queen and heav - en bless "The

C Am G D7 1.2G 3G

Ma - ple Leaf For - ev - er!" 2. Our ev - er!"

2. Our rivers, lakes  
And mountains scene,  
Prairie acres forests green —  
A wondrous land  
Where nature's hand  
In its beauty can be seen;  
From east to west our land is blest  
With men of high endeavour —  
Our voices ring  
And proudly sing  
"The Maple Leaf Forever!"
3. Where flags unfurled  
From all the world  
Can with native pride be flown,  
Where freedom's call  
Is heard by all  
And where brotherhood is shown.  
From end to end  
All races blend  
To share this land together,  
From shore to shore  
Forevermore —  
"The Maple Leaf Forever!"

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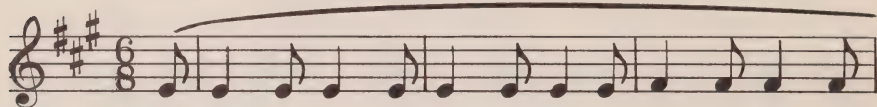
## PORK, BEANS, AND HARD TACK

During the Riel Rebellion of 1885 several thousand volunteers were recruited in Eastern Canada and sent West on the newly build Canadian Pacific Railway to fight the rebels.

"Pork, Beans and Hard Tack" describes the plight of many of these volunteers. It appeared in the University of Toronto Song Book of 1887, two years after the rebellion.

*Pendant la rébellion de Riel de 1885, plusieurs milliers de volontaires ont été recrutés dans l'est du Canada et ont été envoyés dans l'ouest pour combattre les rebelles par le chemin de fer du Canadian Pacifique récemment aménagé.*

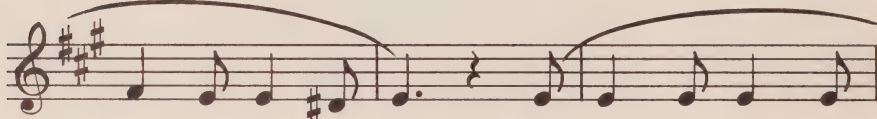
*Pork, Beans and Hard Tack raconte les aventures de plusieurs de ces volontaires. Cette chanson a paru dans le chansonnier de 1887 de l'Université de Toronto, deux ans après la rébellion.*



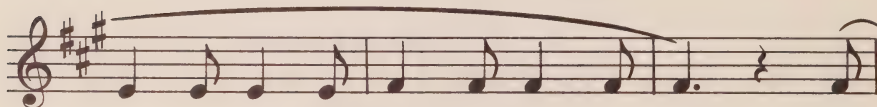
1. Our vo - lun-teers are sol - diers bold, so say the peo - ple



all. When du - ty calls they spring to arms, re -



spen - sive to the call. With out - fits old and



rot - ten clothes ill - fit - ted for the strife, They

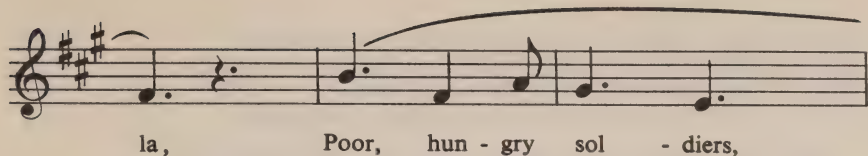


leave their homes on starv - ing pay to take the nit - chies'

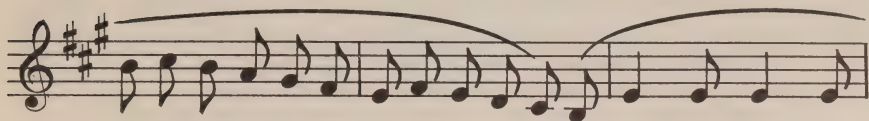


life. Pork, beans, and hard-tack, tra-la - la - la - la - la -

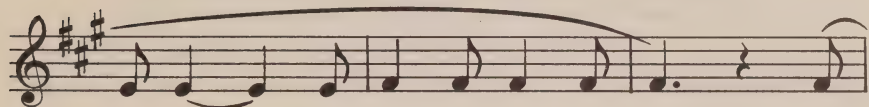




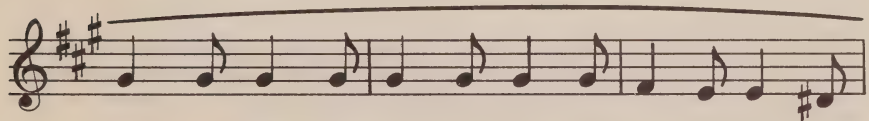
la, Poor, hun - gry sol - diers,



tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, In rags we march the



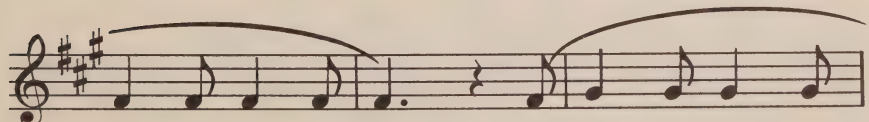
prai - — most ea - ger for the fray, But



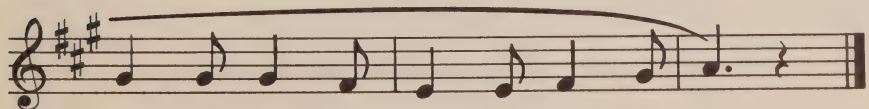
when we near the e - ne - my they al - ways run a -



way. As Cor - po - ra - tion la - bo - rers with



fa - ti - gue each day, We dig and scrape and



hoe and rake for fif - ty cents a day.

2. Faint, cold, and weary, we're packed on an open car,  
Cursing our fate and grumbling, as soldiers ever are.  
Hungry and thirsty, over the C.P.R. we go,  
Instead of by the all-rail route—Detroit and Chicago.
3. On half-cooked beans and fat pork we're fed without relief,  
Save when we get a change of grub on hard-tack and corn beef.  
On fat-i-gue and guards all day, patrols and pickets by night,  
It's thus we while our time away, our duty seems ne'er to fight.
4. Down the wild Saskatchewan in river boats we go;  
At last we reach Lake Winnipeg where a tug takes us in tow.  
On board a barge two regiments are shoved into the hold,  
Like sardines in a box we're packed, six hundred men all told.
5. Down the length of Winnipeg Lake we roll throughout the night,  
And on we're towed along the Lake till Selkirk is in sight.  
We disembark in double-quick time, we once more board a train;  
We're on our way for Winnipeg, we're getting near home again!

Selected from "Canada's Story in Song" by Edith Fowke, Alan Mills, Helmut Blume. Published by W. J. Gage Ltd., Toronto.  
Guitar accompaniment by Bram Morrison also from "Canada's Story in Song". Used by permission.

## C'EST L'AVIRON

Cette chanson est une des nombreuses chansons françaises importées de la France médiévale et adaptées au besoin des canotiers sur les nombreuses rivières du Canada. De cette façon, les Canadiens-Français conservaient leurs vieilles chansons tout en les adaptant aux besoins d'un milieu nouveau.

*This is one of many French songs transplanted from medieval France and adapted to the needs of the canoemen on Canada's many rivers. In this way French Canadians preserved their ancient songs by fitting them to the tasks of their environment.*

1. M'en re - ve - nant de la jo - lie Ro -  
2. J'ai ren - con - tré trois jo - lies de - moi -

chel - le, M'en re - ve - nant de la jo - lie Ro -  
sel - les; J'ai ren - con - tré trois jo - lies de - moi -

chel - le, J'ai ren - con - tré trois jo - lies de - moi -  
sel - les; J'ai point choi - si, mais j'ai pris la plus

Refrain



## 11

À la santé de son père et sa mère; (bis)

À la santé de ses soeurs et ses frères.

C'est l'aviron qui nous mène, etc.

## 12

À la santé de ses soeurs et ses frères; (bis)

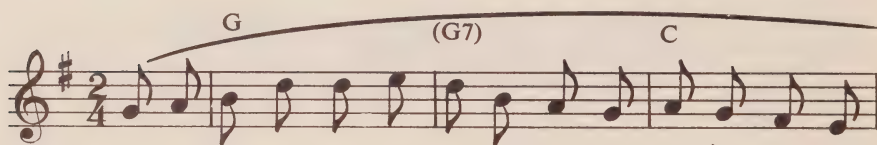
À la santé d'celui que son coeur aime.

C'est l'aviron qui nous mène, etc.

## THE LITTLE OLD SOD SHANTY

In the 1880's when the first rush of settlers reached the Canadian prairies, some 60,000 entered Manitoba in one year. Those who stayed took great pleasure in singing about the hardships of their life. Such a song is "The Little Old Sod Shanty" — borrowed from the United States with very little change.

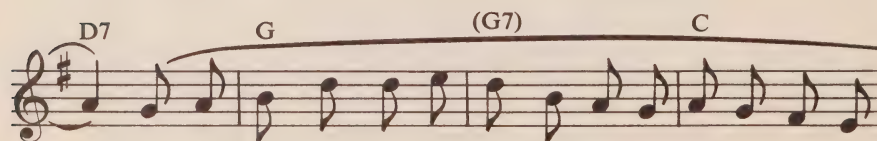
*Dans les années 1880, lors de la première ruée de colons vers les Prairies canadiennes quelque soixante mille colons s'installèrent au Manitoba dans une seule année. Ceux qui y sont restés aimaient chanter les difficultés de leur vie. The Little Old Sod Shanty est une de ces chansons et elle a été empruntée des Etats-Unis avec peu de changement.*



1. I am look-ing ra - ther seed-y now while hold-ing down my

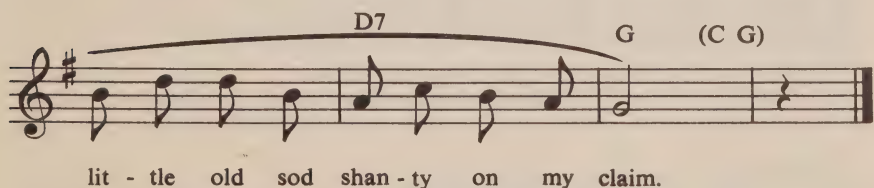
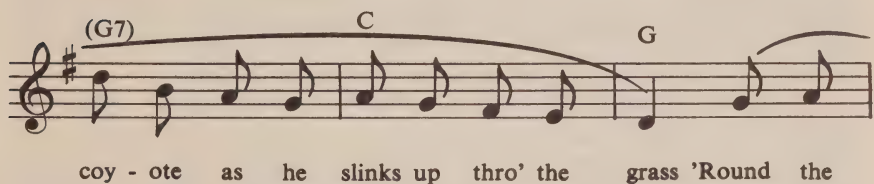
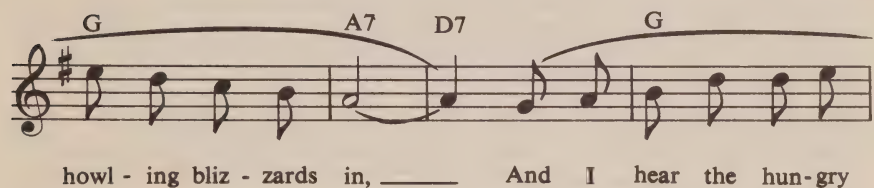
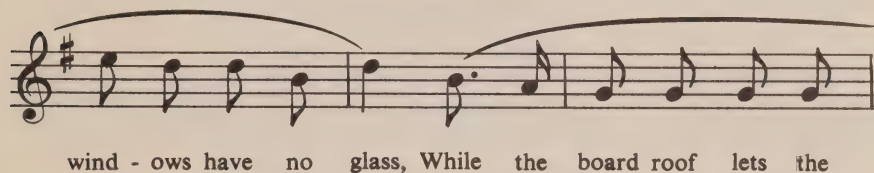
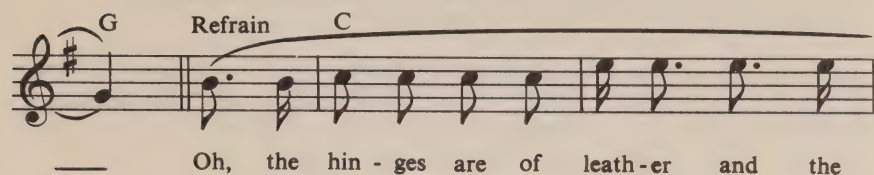
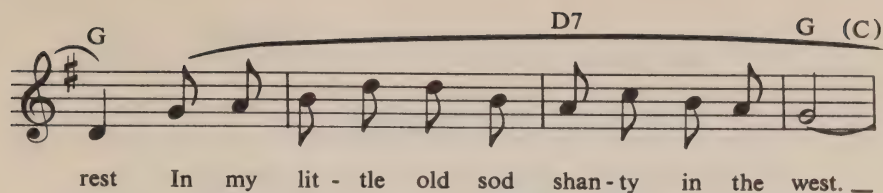


claim, And my vic - tuals are not al - ways served the best; —



— And the mice play shy - ly 'round me as I nes-tle down to





2. Yet I rather like the novelty of living in this way,  
 Though my bill of fare is always rather tame,  
 But I'm happy as can be, for I'm single and I'm free  
 In the little old sod shanty on my claim.

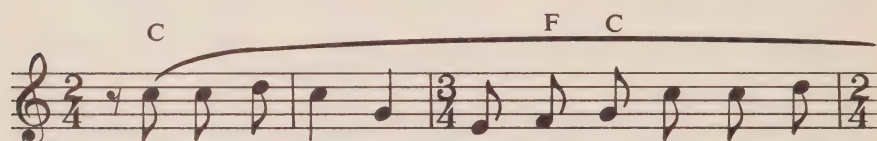
3. My clothes are plastered o'er with dough, I'm looking  
like a fright,  
And everything is scattered round the room,  
But I wouldn't give the freedom that I have out in the West  
For the table of the Eastern man's old home.
4. Still, I wish that some kind-hearted girl would pity on me take  
And relieve me from the mess that I am in;  
Oh, the angel, how I'd bless her if this her home she'd make  
In the little old sod shanty on my claim.

Selected from "Canada's Story in Song" by Edith Fowke, Alan Mills, Helmut Blume. Published by W. J. Gage Ltd., Toronto.  
Guitar accompaniment by Bram Morrison also from "Canada's Story in Song". Used by permission.

## LES RAFTSMEN

La plus joyeuse des chansons des bûcherons canadiens-français constitue un répertoire de la vie de camp. Elle nous vient de la vallée de l'Outaouais, et elle a vraisemblablement été composée vers le milieu du siècle dernier. Ottawa portait alors le nom de Bytown.

*This gayest of French-Canadian lumbermen's songs is a catalogue of life in the woods. It comes from the Ottawa Valley and probably dates from the middle of the last century. "Bytown" was the original name for Ottawa, and "Outaouais" was the Indian name for the Ottawa River.*



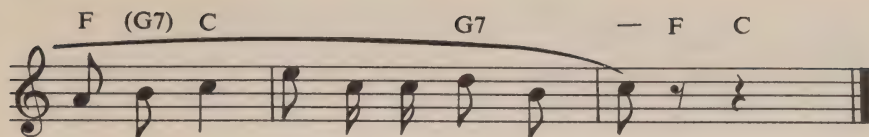
1. Là ous - qu'y sont, tous les rafts - men? Là ous - qu'y



sont, tous les rafts-men? Dans les chan-quiens i' sont mon-tés.



Bing sur la ring! Bang sur la ring! Lais - sez pas - ser



les rafts - men, Bing sur la ring! Bing, bang!

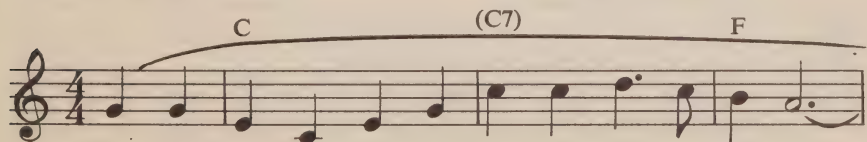
2. Et par Bytown y sont passés, (2  
Avec leurs provisions achetées.
3. En canots d'écorc' sont montés,  
Et du plaisir y s'sont donné.
4. Des "porc-and-beans" ils ont mangé  
Pour les estomacs restaurer.
5. Dans les chanquiers sont arrivés;  
Des manch's de hache ont fabriqué.
6. Que l'Outaouais fut étonné,  
Tant faisait d'bruit leur hach' trempee.
7. Quand le chanquier fut terminé  
Chacun chez eux sont retourné.
8. Leurs femm's ou blond's ont embrassé,  
Tous très contents de se r'trouver.

By Edith Fowke in *Canada's Story in Song* by Edith Fowke, Alan Mills, and Helmut Blume, published by W. J. Gage Limited. Adapted from *Come A-Singing!* by Barbeau, Lismer, and Bourinot. Guitar accompaniment by Bram Morrison also from "Canada's Story in Song". Used by permission.

## WHEN THE ICE WORMS NEST AGAIN

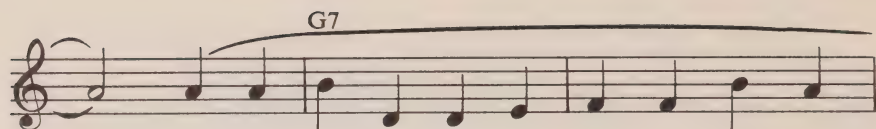
This ballad was a favourite song of the prospectors and trappers in the Canadian North. It probably originated in Northern British Columbia or in the Yukon, and it may date from the Klondike gold rush of 1898.

*Cette ballade était une des chansons favorites des prospecteurs et des trappeurs du Nord canadien. Elle tire probablement son origine du nord de la Colombie-Britannique ou du Yukon et elle daterait de la ruée vers l'or au Klondike vers 1898.*



1. There's a dus - ky hus - ky mai - den in the Arc - tic, —
2. For our wed - ding feast we'll have seal oil and blub - ber; —

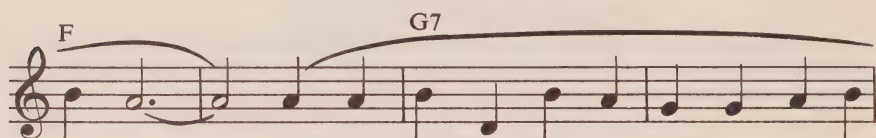




— And she waits for me but it is not in  
— In our ka - vaks we will roam the bound - ing



vain, — For some day I'll put my muk - luks on and  
main; — All the wal - ru - ses will look at us and



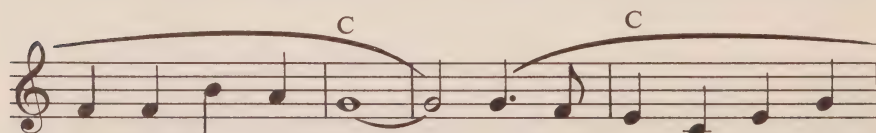
ask her — If she'll wed me when the ice worms nest a -  
rub - ber; — We'll be mar - ried when the ice worms nest a -



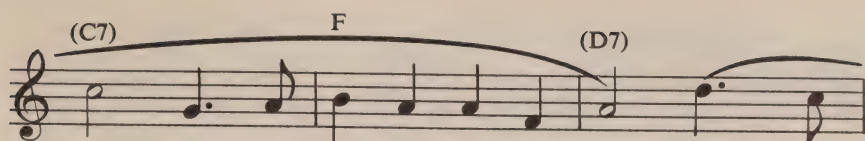
gain. — In the land of the pale blue snow where it's  
gain. — When some night at — half - past two I re -



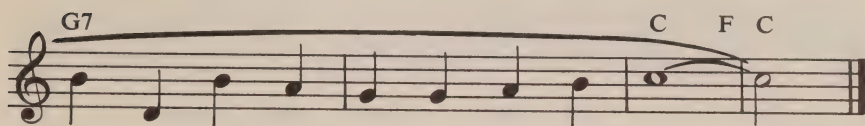
nine - ty - nine be - low, And the po - lar bears are  
turn to my ig - loo, Af - ter sit - ting with a



roam - ing o'er the plain, — In the sha - dow of the  
friend who was in pain, — She'll be wait - ing for me



Pole I will clasp her to my soul; We'll be  
there with the ham - bone of a bear, And she'll



mar - ried when the ice worms nest a - gain. \_\_\_\_  
beat me till the ice worms nest a - gain. \_\_\_\_

Selected from "Canada's Story in Song" by Edith Fowke, Alan Mills, Helmut Blume. Published by W. J. Gage Ltd., Toronto.

Guitar accompaniment by Bram Morrison also from "Canada's Story in Song". Used by permission.

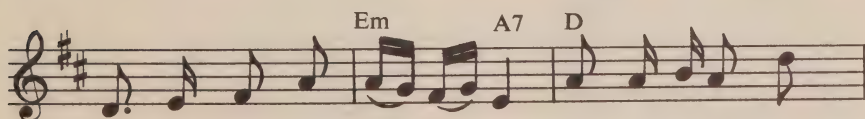
## VIVE LA CANADIENNE

Cet éloge de la Canadienne a été adaptée à la mélodie d'une chanson canadienne française plus ancienne intitulée "Par derrière chez mon père"; il s'agit d'une chanson populaire originale qui chante les qualités désirées chez la jeune fille idéale.

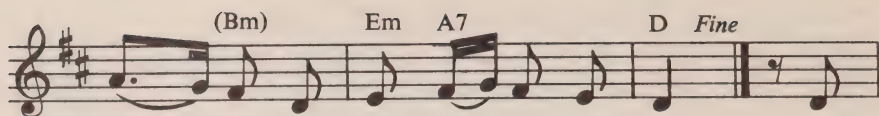
*This toast to the "Canadian Girl" is set to the melody of an older French Canadian song called "Par derrière chez mon père", and is a popular high-spirited song praising the desirable qualities of the "ideal" maiden.*



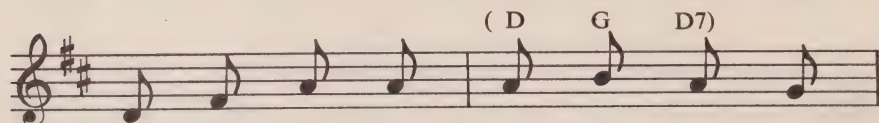
1. Vi - ve la Ca - na - dien - ne!  
1. Here's to "La Ca - na - dien - ne."



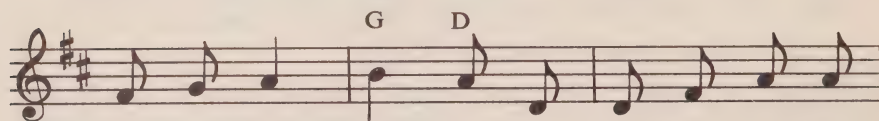
Vo - le, mon coeur, Vo - - - - le! Vi - ve la Ca - na -  
Fly, my heart, Oh fly a - way! Here's to "La Ca - na -



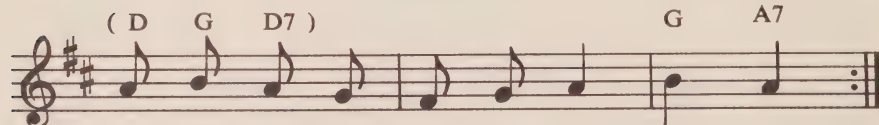
dien - ne! Et ses jo - lis yeux doux! Et  
 dien - ne"! And her sweet eyes so gay! And



ses jo - lis yeux doux, doux, doux, et  
 her sweet eyes so gay, gay, gay, and



ses jo - lis yeux doux! Et ses jo - lis yeux  
 her sweet eyes so gay! And her sweet eyes so



doux, doux, doux, et ses jo - lis yeux doux!  
 gay, gay, gay, and her sweet eyes so gay!

2. Nous la menons aux noces!

Vole . . (Etc.)

Nous la menons aux nocés  
 Dans tous ses beaux atours,  
 Dans tous ses beaux atours-tours-tours,  
 Dans tous ses beaux atours!

3. Nous faisons bonne chère!

Vole . . (Etc.)

Nous faisons bonne chère,  
 Et nous avons bon goût!  
 Et nous avons bon goût, goût, goût,  
 Et nous avons bon goût!

Et nous avons . . . (Etc.)

4. On danse avec nos blondes!

Vole . . (Etc.)

On danse avec nos blondes!  
 Nous changeons tour à tour!  
 Nous changeons tour à tour-tour-tour,  
 Nous changeons tour à tour!  
 Nous changeons . . . (Etc.)

2. Off to the wedding take her!

Fly . . (Etc.)

Off to the wedding take her!  
 In all her fine array!  
 In all her fine array-ray-ray,  
 In all her fine array!  
 In all her fine array-ray-ray,  
 In all her fine array!

3. Oh, we have fun and laughter!

Fly . . (Etc.)

Oh, we have fun and laughter,  
 And everyone is gay!  
 And everyone is gay, gay, gay,  
 And everyone is gay!  
 And everyone . . . (Etc.)

4. Then, with the girls, we dance

around, fly . . . (Etc.)

Then, with the girls, we dance around  
 In the old fashioned way.  
 In the old fashioned way, way, way,  
 In the old fashioned way.  
 In the old . . . (Etc.)

5. Ainsi le temps se passe!

Vole . . (Etc.)

Ainsi le temps se passe!

Il est vraiment bien doux!

Il est vraiment bien doux, doux, doux,

Il est vraiment bien doux!

Il est . . . . (Etc.)

6. Vive La Canadienne!

Vole, mon coeur, vole!

Vive La Canadienne!

Et ses jolis yeux doux!

5. And so the time soon passes,

Fly . . (Etc.)

And so the time soon passes,

Until it's almost day.

Until it's almost day, day, day,

Until it's almost day.

Until . . . . (Etc.)

6. Here's to "La Canadienne"!

Fly, my heart, oh fly away!

Here's to "La Canadienne"!

And her sweet eyes so gay!

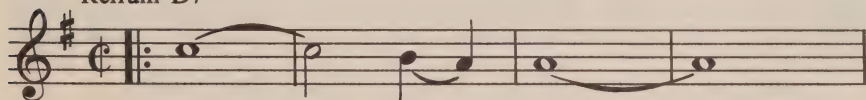
## FOUR RODE BY

By Ian Tyson

Canada, too, had a "wild west" in her history although not as legendary as its American counterpart. This song, written by Ian Tyson (Ian and Sylvia) relates the saga of the McLean brothers, a band of outlaws who terrorized parts of British Columbia in the latter part of the 19th century.

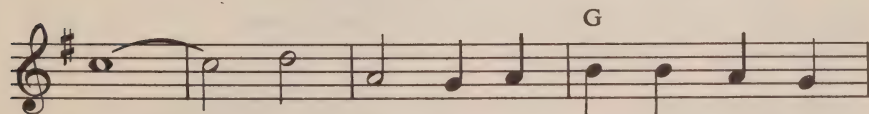
*L'histoire du Canada a aussi un "Wild West" même s'il n'est pas aussi légendaire que sa contrepartie américaine. Cette chanson, écrite par Ian Tyson (Ian et Sylvia) raconte la saga des frères McLean, une bande de hors-la-loi qui ont terrorisé certaines parties de la Colombie-Britannique vers la fin du 19<sup>e</sup> siècle.*

### Refrain D7

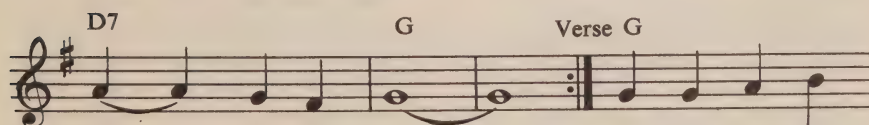


1. Four \_\_\_\_\_ rode \_\_\_\_\_ by, \_\_\_\_\_

2. They \_\_\_\_\_ were \_\_\_\_\_ armed, \_\_\_\_\_



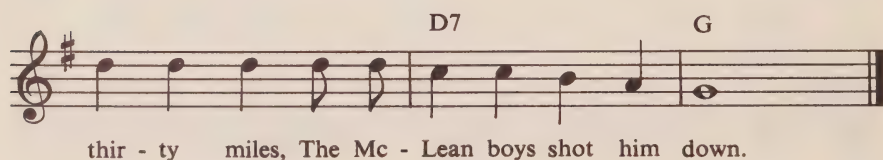
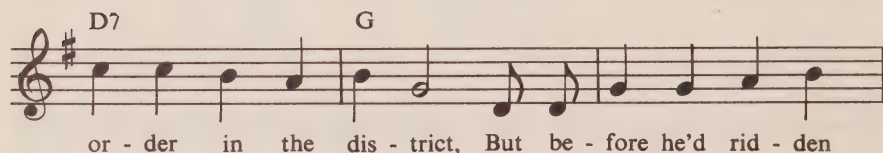
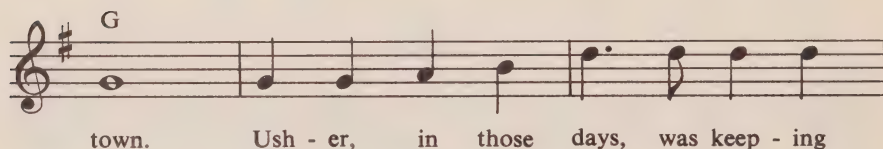
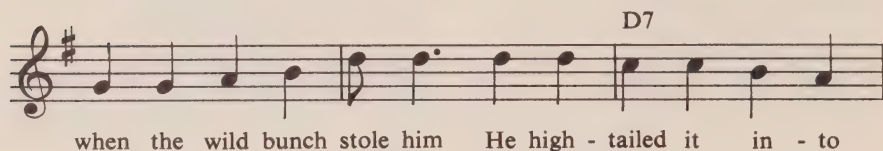
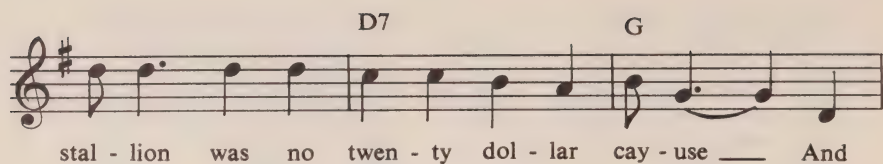
Rode \_\_\_\_\_ through here, Three Mc - Lean boys and that  
All \_\_\_\_\_ were armed, It was them and I'd have



wild \_\_\_\_\_ Al - ex Hare \_\_\_\_\_  
known them an - y - where. \_\_\_\_\_

1. Wil - lie Pal - mer's





#### REFRAIN:

(Without repeat)

Four rode by,  
Rode through here,  
Three McLean boys  
And that wild Alex Hare.

#### VERSE 2.

A shepherd, known as Kelly,  
Saw the wild bunch as they passed,  
They shot him with a rifle  
And they took his watch and chain,  
And when the posse found them there  
In the lonely cabin  
A hunger took their fight away  
And no one else was slain.

#### REFRAIN:

(Without repeat)

Four rode by,  
Rode through here,  
Three McLean boys  
And that wild Alex Hare.

#### VERSE 3.

They hung the boys in January,  
Eighteen eighty-one,  
The first time in that province  
That they'd strung up brothers three;  
And the son killed eighteen Germans,  
Across the seas back in seventeen,  
One thing, that's for damn sure,  
They're a wild old family.

**REFRAIN:**  
(Without repeat)

Four rode by,  
Rode through here,  
Three McLean boys  
And that wild Alex Hare.  
They were armed,  
All were armed,  
It was them  
And I'd have known them anywhere.

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# ODE TO NEWFOUNDLAND

Before Newfoundland became part of Canada in 1949 this song was her "official National Anthem". It was written by Sir Cavendish Boyle, a native of Ireland, while serving as Britain's Governor of Newfoundland from 1901 to 1904.

*Avant que Terre-Neuve se joigne au Canada en 1949, cette chanson était son "hymne national officiel". Sir Cavendish Boyle, originaire d'Irlande, l'a composée alors qu'il était gouverneur britannique de Terre-Neuve, de 1901 à 1904.*

C G G7 C G7 Am Em

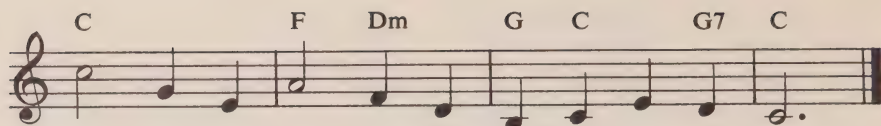
1. When sun - rays crown thy pine - clad hills, And  
2. When spreads thy cloak of shim - m'ring white, At

F C G C D7 G D7

sum - mer spreads her — hand. When sil - vern voi - ces  
win - ter's stern com - mand, Thro' short - ened day and

G D7 G C D7 G G7

tune thy rills, We love thee smil - ing land, We  
star - lit night, We love thee froz - en land, We



love thee, we love thee, We love thee, smil - ing land.  
 love thee, we love thee, We love thee, froz - en land.

3. When blinding storm gusts fret thy shore,  
 And wild waves lash thy strand,  
 Thro' spindrift swirl and tempest roar,  
 We love thee, wind-swept land,  
 We love thee, we love thee,  
 We love thee, wind-swept land.

4. As loved our fathers, so we love,  
 Where once they stood we stand,  
 Their prayer we raise to heav'n above,  
 God guard thee, Newfoundland,  
 God guard thee, God guard thee,  
 God guard thee, Newfoundland.

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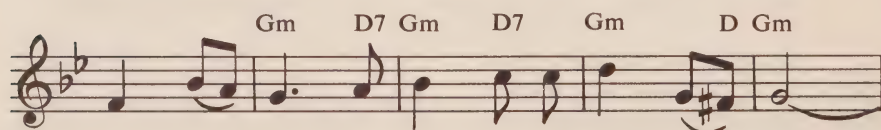
## NOVA SCOTIA FAREWELL

This is one of the old traditional songs of Nova Scotia, from the book of the same name by Dr. Helen Creighton, the distinguished Nova Scotian folklorist. It was the feature song of the Jubilee Singers on the CBC television production "Singalong Jubilee".

*Il s'agit d'une des vieilles chansons traditionnelles de la Nouvelle-Ecosse, tirée du volume qui porte le même nom écrit par le Dr. Helen Creighton, folkloriste distinguée de la Nouvelle-Ecosse. Il s'agit du thème de l'émission télévisée de Radio-Canada "Singalong Jubilee", des Jubilee Singers.*



1. The sun was — set - ing — in the —  
 grieve to — leave my — na - tive —



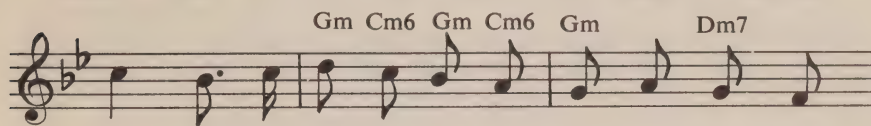
west, The birds were sing - ing on ev - 'ry — tree, —  
 land, I — grieve to leave my com - rades — all, —

B $\flat$ 

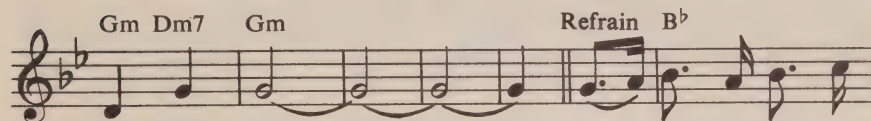
F



— All — na - ture seemed in - clined for —  
 — And my pa - rents whom I — held so —



rest, But — still — there — was — no —  
 dear, And the bon - ny, bon - ny lass — that I



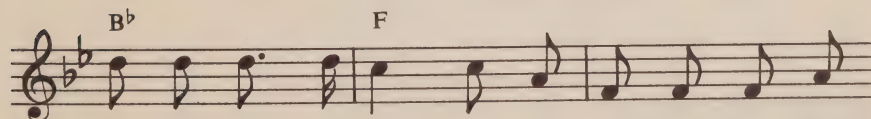
rest for me. — Fare - well to No - va  
 do a - dore. —



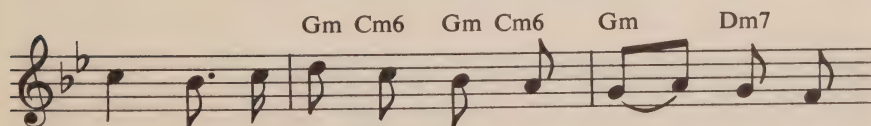
Sco - tia, the sea - bound — coast! Let your



moun - tains dark and drea - ry be. — For when



I am far a - way on the bri - ny o - cean



tossed, Will you e - ver heave a sigh — and a



Gm Dm7 Gm Dm7 Gm *Fine*

wish for me. \_\_\_\_\_ 2. I

3. The drums they do beat and the wars do alarm,  
The captain calls, we must obey,  
So farewell farewell to Nova Scotia's charms,  
For it's early in the morning, I am far far away.

4. — I have three brothers and they are at rest,  
Their arms are folded on their breast,  
But a poor simple sailor just like me,  
Must be tossed and driven on the dark blue sea.

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## V'LA L'BON VENT

Aucune autre chanson française au Canada n'a connu autant de versions ou une plus grande variété d'adaptations musicales. Elle a servi de chanson aux canotiers comme c'est le cas ici, tout aussi bien que pour tout autre genre d'activité: chanson de danse, chanson de jeu et autres formes diverses.

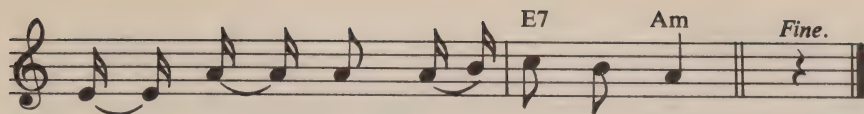
*No other French song in Canada has as many versions as this one or a greater variety of tunes. It has been used as a canoe paddling song, such as the one given here, as well as for many other kinds of work — as a dancing song, a play song and in various other forms.*

### Refrain Am

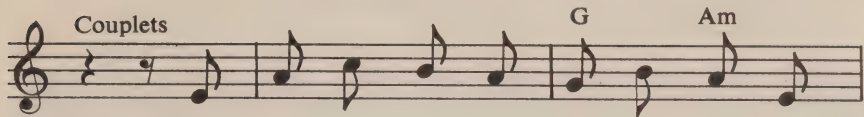
V'la — l'bon — vent, V'la — l'jo - li vent,

V'la — L'bon — vent, Ma — mie m'ap - pel - le

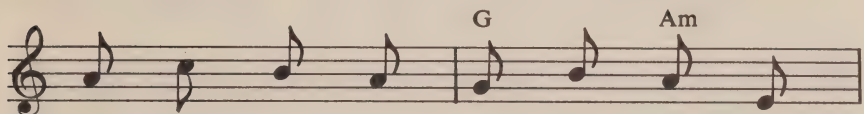
V'la — l'bon — vent, V'la — l'jo - li vent,



V'la — l'bon — vent, ma - mie m'at - tend.



1. Der - rièr chez nous ya - t-un é - tang, Der -



rièr! chez nous ya - t-un é - tang, Trois



beaux ca - nards s'en vont bai - gnant

2. Trois beaux canards s'en vont  
baignant, (2)  
Le fils du Roi s'en va chassant.  
V'LA L'BON VENT . . . (Etc.)

3. Le fils du Roi s'en va chassant, (2)  
Avec son grand fusil d'argent!  
V'LA L'BON VENT . . . (Etc.)

4. Avec son grand fusil d'argent, (2)  
Visa le noir, tua le blanc!  
V'LA L'BON VENT . . . (Etc.)

5. Visa le noir, tua le blanc! (2)  
O fils du Roi, tu es méchant!  
V'LA L'BON VENT . . . (Etc.)

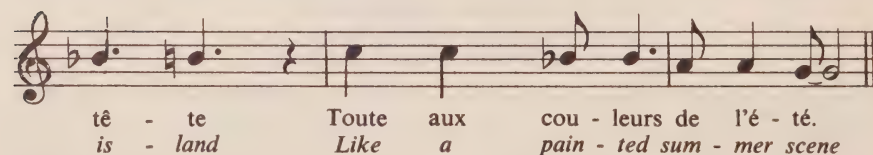
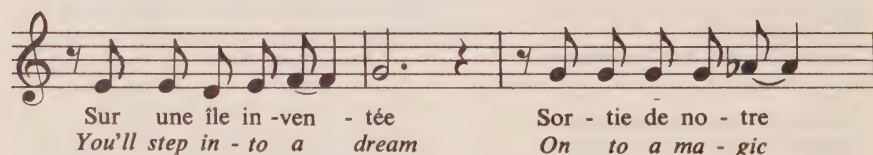
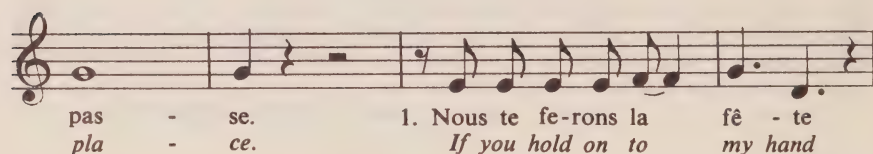
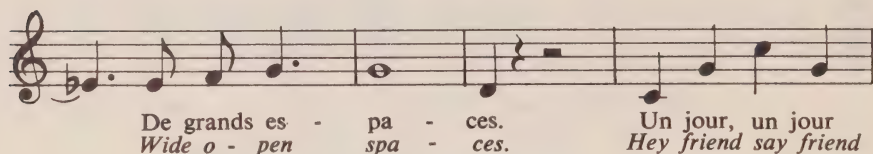
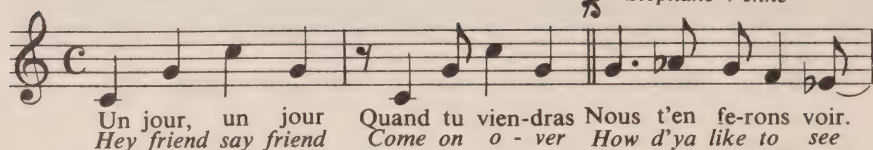
6. O fils du Roi, tu es méchant! (2)  
D'avoir tué mon canard blanc!  
V'LA L'BON VENT . . . (Etc.)

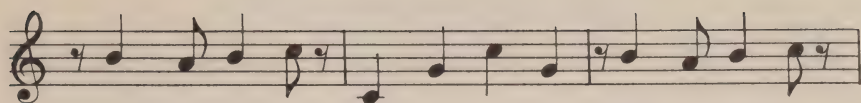
From Favourite French Folksongs by Alan Mills, published by Oak Publications, New York, N.Y.,  
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## UN JOUR, UN JOUR HEY FRIEND, SAY FRIEND

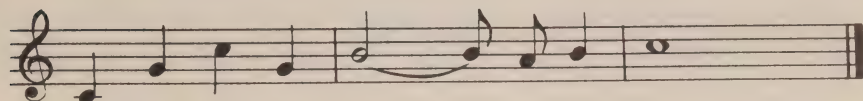
Par suite d'un concours international commandité par les autorités de l'Exposition Universelle, cette chanson était choisie l'an dernier comme chanson-thème officielle d'Expo '67.

*This song was chosen as the official theme song for Expo '67 in the international contest sponsored by the World Fair authorities last year.*





— Ne tar - de pas. Un jour, un jour Nous se - rons là.  
*Don't wait too long. Hey friend say friend Just come a - long*



Un jour, un jour Quand — tu vien - dras.  
*Hey friend say friend Just — come a - long.*

2. Dans ce pays de fable,  
 Entre deux océans  
 On fait à chaque table  
 Une place qui t'attend.
3. Déjà la terre est verte  
 Et la brise sent bon  
 Nos portes sont ouvertes  
 Pour ceux qui arriveront.

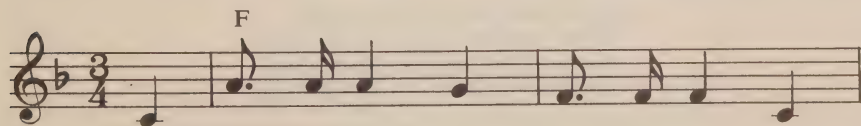
2. Though oceans may surround us,  
 Don't be afraid to roam  
 We want you all around us  
 We want you to feel at home.
3. Our doors are thrown wide open,  
 And all the grass is green  
 Now all of us are hopin'  
 You'll be here to make the scene.

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## SASKATCHEWAN

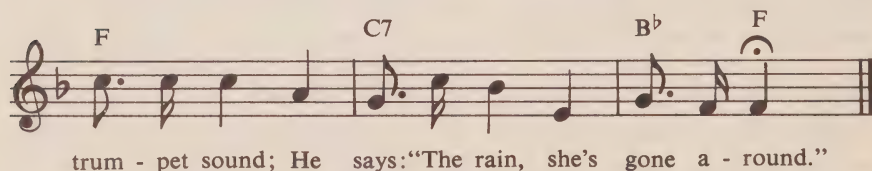
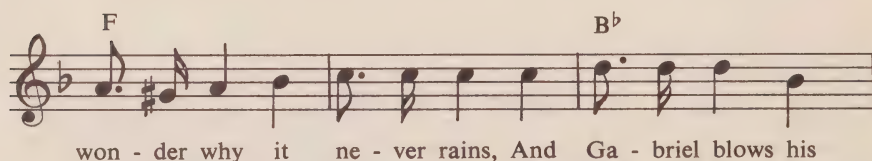
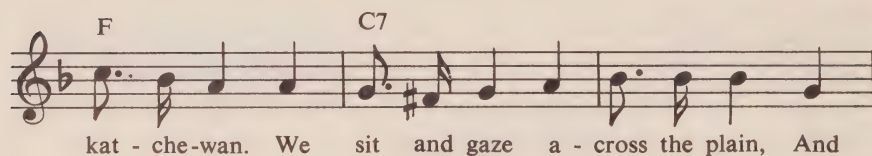
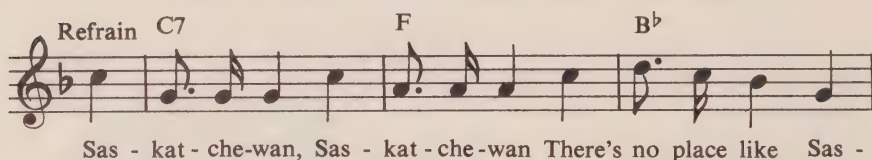
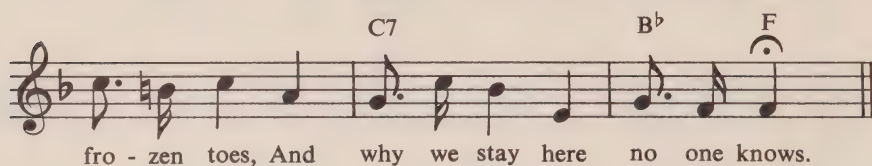
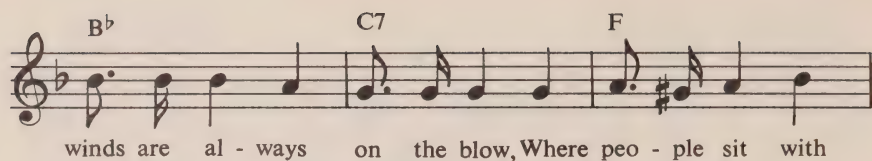
During the 1930's the West was hit with a series of dry years, and the depression became known as "the Dirty Thirties" — a term that needs no explanation to anyone who has experienced a prairie dust storm. It was a grim time, but farmers never gave up hope and most of them held on to their sense of humour. This song, written by a Swift Current businessman, was soon taken up by hard-driven farmers across the province. It is set to the tune of the old gospel hymn "Beulah Land".

*Au cours des années 1930, l'Ouest a dû faire face à plusieurs années de sécheresse et cette période a été appelée "The Dirty Thirties". On n'a pas besoin d'expliquer ce terme à quiconque a déjà subi l'expérience d'une tempête de poussière dans les Prairies. Les temps étaient durs, mais les fermiers n'ont jamais perdu espoir et la plupart d'entre eux ont gardé leur sens de l'humour. Cette chanson écrite par un commerçant de Swift Current a vite été reprise par les fermiers par toute la province. Les paroles ont été adaptées à la musique du vieil hymne "Beulah Land".*



Sas - kat - che - wan, the land of snow where





2. Our pigs are dying on their feet  
Because they have no feed to eat;  
Our horses, though of bronco race,  
Starvation stares them in the face.

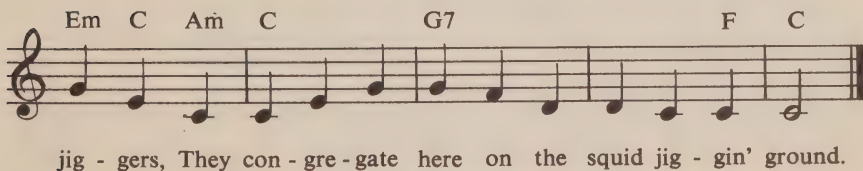
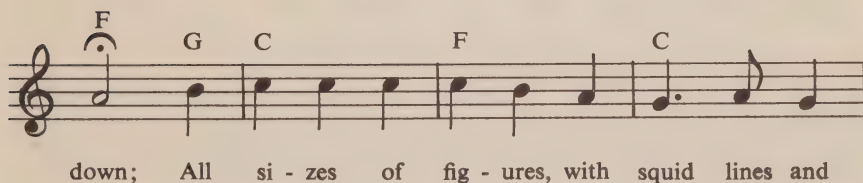
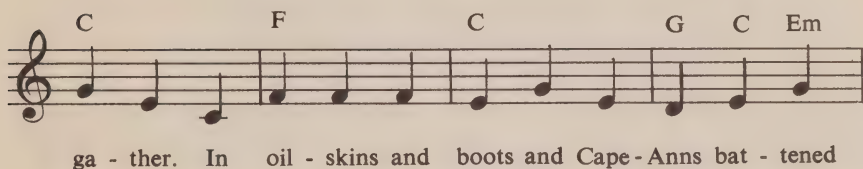
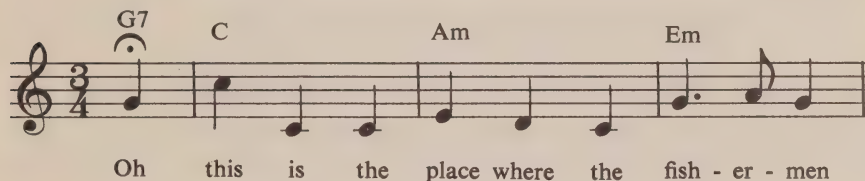
3. The milk from cows has ceased to flow,  
We've had to ship them east, you know;  
Our hens are old and lay no eggs,  
Our turkeys eat grasshopper legs.

4. But we still love Saskatchewan,  
We're proud to say we're native ones,  
So count your blessings drop by drop,  
Next year we'll have a bumper crop!

## THE SQUID-JIGGIN' GROUND

This tale of what happens when the fishermen head for the Squid-jiggin' ground is the most widely known of all maritime songs. It was written by a Newfoundland born school teacher, Arthur Scammell, who now teaches in Montreal.

*Ce conte des aventures des pêcheurs qui partent pour le Squid Jiggin' Ground est la mieux connue de toutes les chansons qui nous viennent des Maritimes. Elle a été écrite par un instituteur originaire de Terre-Neuve, Arthur Scammell, qui travaille présentement à Montréal.*



2. Some are workin' their jiggers while others are yarin',  
 There's some standin' up and there's more lyin' down  
 While all kinds of fun, jokes and tricks are begun,  
 As they wait for the squid on the squid-jiggin' ground.

3. There's men of all ages and boys in the bargain,  
There's old Billy Cave and there's young Raymond Bown,  
There's a red rantin' Tory out here in a dory,  
A-runnin' down Squires on the squid-jiggin' ground.
4. There's men from the harbour; there's men from the tickle  
In all kinds of motorboats, green, gray and brown;  
Right yonder is Bobby and with him is Nobby,  
He's chawin' hard tack on the squid-jiggin' ground.
5. Holy smoke! what a scuffle, all hands are excited,  
'Tis a wonder to me that there's nobody drowned,  
There's a bustle, confusion, a wonderful hustle,  
They're all jiggin' squids on the squid-jiggin' ground!
6. Says Bobby, "The squids are on top of the water,  
I just got me jiggers about one fathom down";  
But a squid in the boat squirted right down his throat,  
And he's swearin' like mad on the squid-jiggin' ground.
7. There's poor uncle Billy, his whiskers are spattered  
With spots of the squid juice that's flying around;  
One poor little boy got it right in the eye,  
But they don't give a darn on the squid-jiggin' ground.
8. Now if ever you feel inclined to go squiddin',  
Leave your white shirts and collars behind in the town,  
And if you get cranky, without yer silk hanky,  
You'd better steer clear of the squid-jiggin' ground.

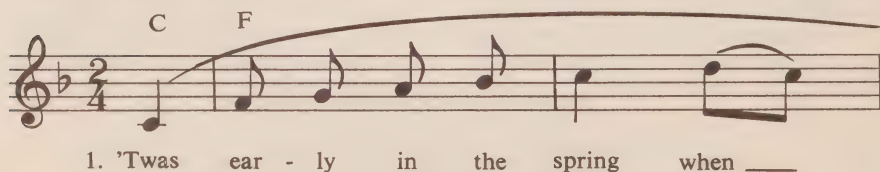
(C) Copyright 1958, BMI Canada Ltd. Used by permission.

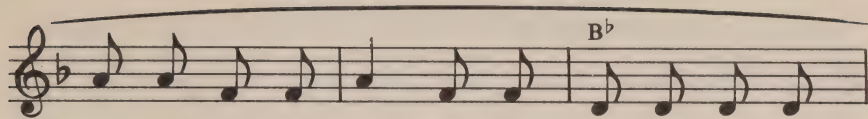
## THE BLACK FLY SONG

Words and melody by Wade Hemsworth

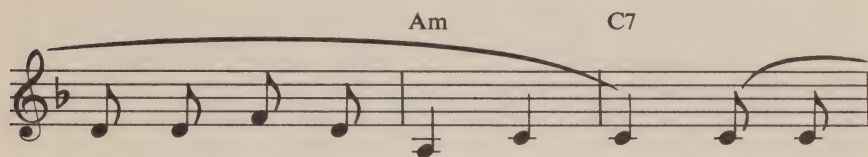
In 1949 Wade Hemsworth was working for the Ontario Hydro with a survey party near James Bay. Like most people who visit Northern Ontario in summer, he was pestered by black flies which inspired him to write this lively song.

*En 1949, Wade Hemsworth travaillait avec une équipe d'arpenteurs près de la baie James pour le compte de l'Ontario Hydro. Comme la plupart des personnes qui visitent le Nord de l'Ontario en été, il a subi l'épreuve des mouches noires; cette expérience l'a inspiré à écrire cette chanson très vivante.*

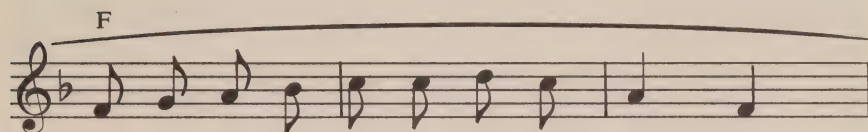




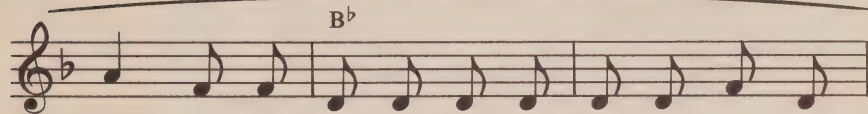
I de - cide to go For to work up in the



woods in North On - ta - ri - o, And the



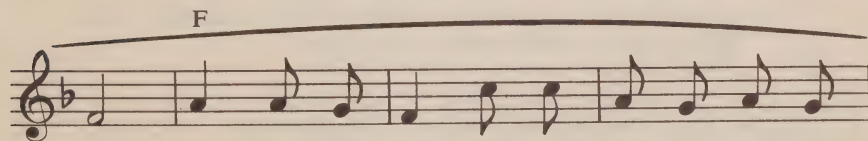
un - em - ploy - ment of - fice said they'd send me



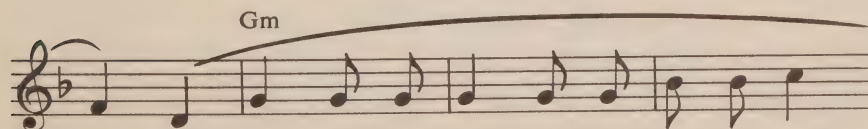
through To the Lit - tle A - bi - ti - bi with the



sur - vey crew. And the black - flies the lit - tle black -



flies, Al - ways the black - fly no mat - ter where you



go, I'll die with the black - fly a - pic - kin' my



bones In — North On - ta - ri - o, i -

o, in — North On - ta - ri - o.

2. Now the man Black Toby was the captain of the crew  
And he said: "I'm gonna tell you boys what we're gonna do.  
They want to build a power dam and we must find a way  
For to make the Little Ab flow around the other way."
3. So we survey to the east and we survey to the west  
And we couldn't make our minds up how to do it best.  
Little Ab, Little Ab, what shall I do?  
For I'm all but goin' crazy on the survey crew.
4. It was black fly, black fly everywhere,  
A-crawlin' in your whiskers, a-crawlin' in your hair;  
A-swimmin' in the soup and a-swimmin' in the tea;  
Oh the devil take the black fly and let me be.
5. Black Toby fell to swearin' 'cause the work went slow,  
And the state of our morale was gettin' pretty low,  
And the flies swarmed heavy—it was hard to catch a breath  
As you staggered up and down the trail talkin' to yourself.
6. Now the bull cook's name was Blind River Joe;  
If it hadn't been for him we'd've never pulled through  
For he bound up our bruises, and he kidded us for fun,  
And he lathered us with bacon grease and balsam gum.
7. At last the job was over; Black Toby said: "We're through  
With the Little Abitibi and the survey crew."  
'Twas a wonderful experience and this I know  
I'll never go again to North Ontar-i-o.

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Guitar accompaniment by Bram Morrison also from "Canada's Story in Song". Used by permission.

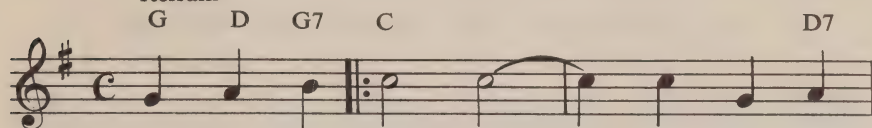
## THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

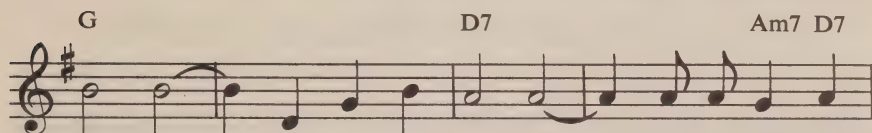
The melody of this song is taken from an American folksong of the same title by Woody Guthrie. The Canadian adaptation was made by the Travellers; a Canadian folk-singing group, and the song has become a standard in praising the beauty of this land of ours.

La mélodie de cette chanson vient d'une chanson de folklore américain, connue sous le même titre et composée par Woody Guthrie. Les Travellers, un groupe de folkloristes canadiens, en ont fait une adaptation canadienne, et cette chanson est devenue un classique pour apprécier les beautés de notre pays.

# Refrain



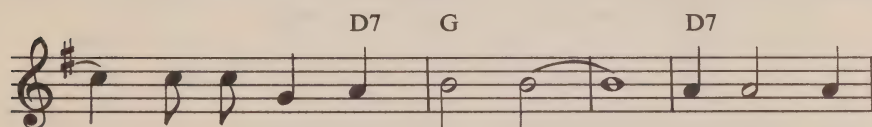
This land is your land — This land is



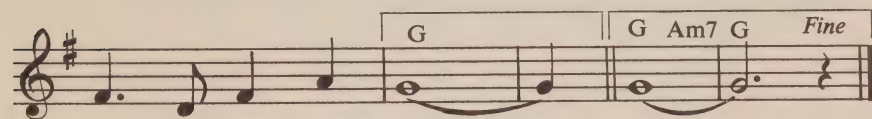
my land — from Bon - a - vis - ta — to Van - cou - ver



is - land — From the Arc - tic Is - lands —

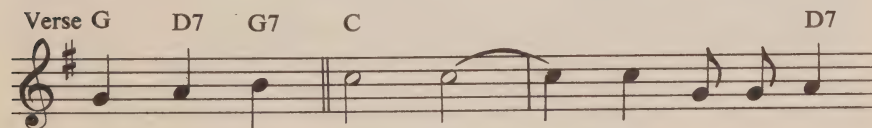


— to the Great Lake wa - ters; — This land was

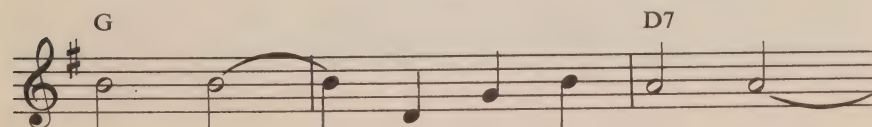


made for you and me. — me. —

## Verse



1. As I was walk - ing — that rib - bon of



high - way — I saw a - bove me —

Am7 D7 G D7 G7

— that end - less sky - way — I saw be -

C D7 G D7

low me — that gold - en val - ley — This land was

G D G7

made for you and me. — This land is

2. I roamed and rambled and followed my footsteps,  
To the tallest line trees of her Rocky mountains,  
And all around us a voice was sounding,  
This land was made for you and me. (chorus)
3. When the sun came shining, then I was strolling,  
And the wheat fields waving, and the dust clouds rolling,  
A voice was chanting as the fog was lifting,  
This land was made for you and me. (chorus)

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## FEUILLES DE GUI

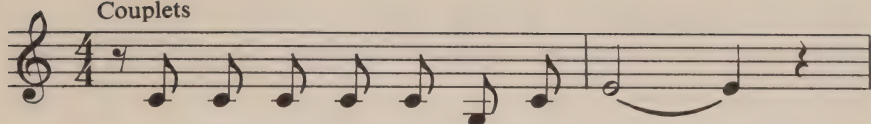
Paroles de Jean-Pierre Ferland

Musique de Jean-Pierre Ferland et Pierre Brabant

Cette belle chanson d'un des jeunes chansonniers les plus populaires au Canada, Jean-Pierre Ferland, a été acclamée par toute l'Europe et a été traduite dans plus de quinze langues. Elle exprime un désir de paix, d'égalité et de fraternité internationales, dans une musique très différente de la musique courante des folkloristes américains.

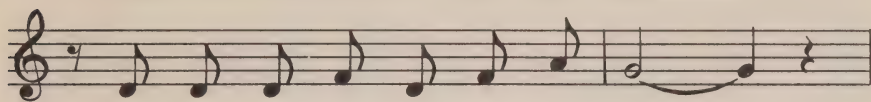
*This beautiful song by one of French Canada's most popular young "chansonniers", Jean-Pierre Ferland, has won international acclaim all over Europe, and has been translated into over 15 languages. It is a song expressing a desire for peace, equality and international brotherhood, but in a musical style quite different from the current group of American folk singers.*

# Couplets



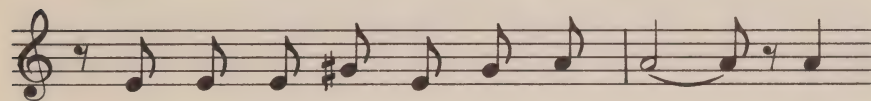
1. Quand nous boi - rons au mê - me verre \_\_\_\_\_

2. Mais tout au - tour de moi s'en - chain \_\_\_\_\_



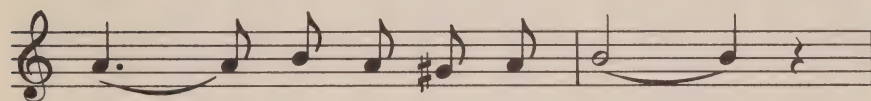
La ti - sa - ne des bons co - pains \_\_\_\_\_

Je ne sais plus trop bien qui j'aime \_\_\_\_\_



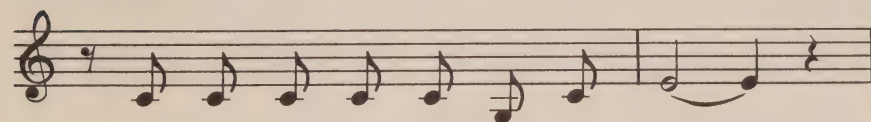
Et qu'aux qua - tre coins de la Terre \_\_\_\_\_ Le

Si je dois mordre ou ca - res ser \_\_\_\_\_ Tres



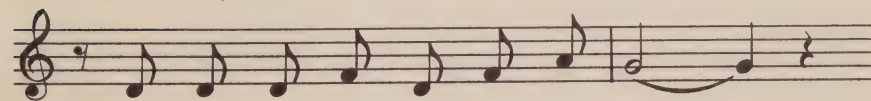
fiel \_\_\_\_\_ tour - ne - ra rai - sin \_\_\_\_\_

ser la corde ou la bru - ler \_\_\_\_\_



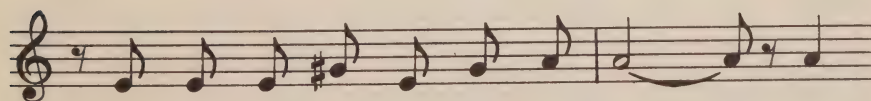
Quand nous al - lu - me - rons nos pipes \_\_\_\_\_

Vien - ne la sai - son des co - lombes \_\_\_\_\_



Au flam beau d'u - ne li - ber - té \_\_\_\_\_

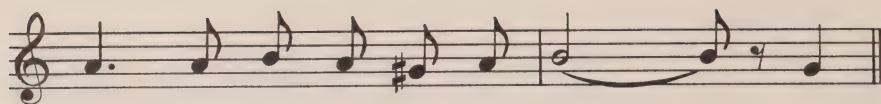
Et cel - le des feuil - les de gui \_\_\_\_\_



Ga - gnée au prix d'u - ne sa - live \_\_\_\_\_ Et

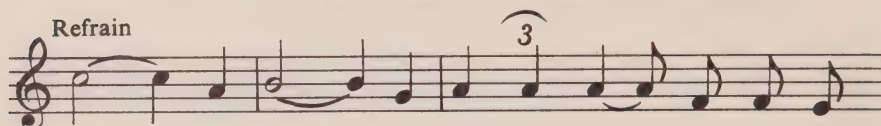
Pous - sent les ro - ses sur les tombes \_\_\_\_\_ Et





non à ce - lui d'une é - pée. Ce  
dans le ca - non des fu - sils.

Refrain



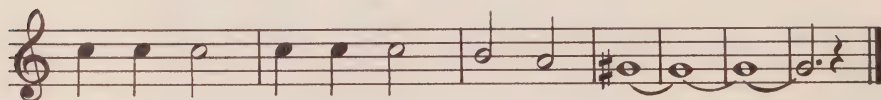
jour, — ce jour, — je por - te - rai — feuil - les de



gui. Ce jour, — ce jour — je



por - te - rai — feuil - les de gui. Di - tes - moi



com - ment, mère, é - crit - on le mot Paix. —

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## FOUR STRONG WINDS

Words and Music by Ian Tyson

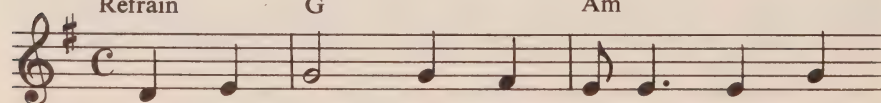
Written by Ian Tyson, "Four Strong Winds" needs little introduction to Canadians. It is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful and touching modern Canadian folk-songs. There is little wonder that it has become a standard in the folk-music field.

*Cette chanson d'Ian Tyson n'a pas besoin d'être présentée aux Canadiens. Il s'agit sans doute d'une des plus belles et des plus touchantes chansons du Canada d'aujourd'hui. On ne peut s'étonner qu'elle soit devenue un classique de la chanson de folklore.*

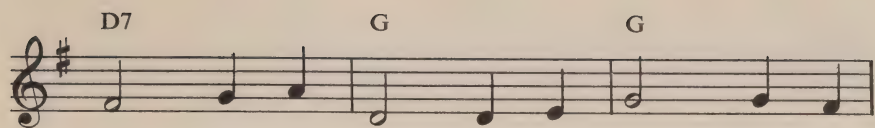
Refrain

G

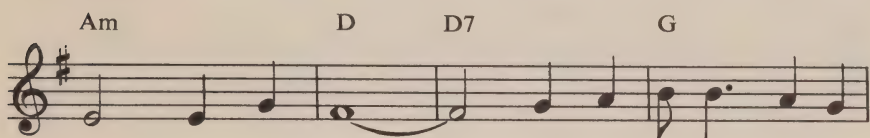
Am



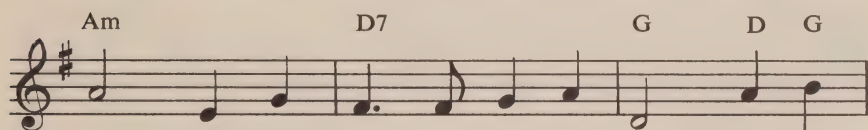
Four strong winds that blow lone - ly, Sev - en



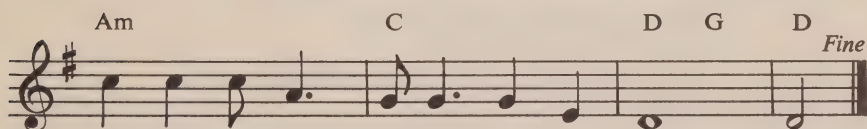
seas that run high, All those things that don't



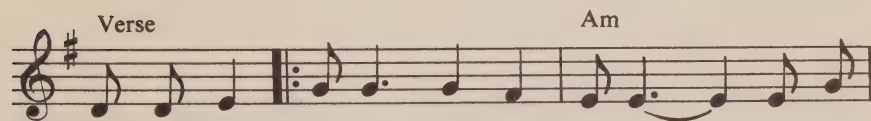
change come what may \_\_\_\_\_ But our good times are all



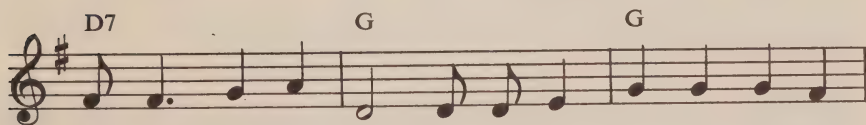
gone And I'm bound for mov - in' on, I'll look



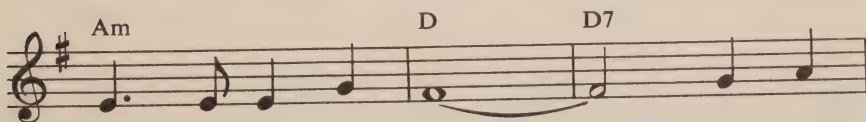
for you if I'm ev - er back this way. \_\_\_\_\_



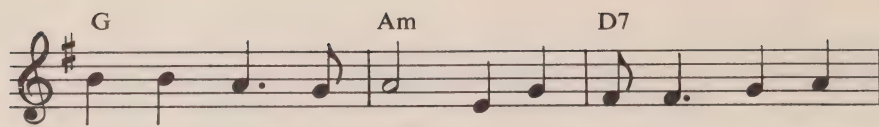
1. I think I'll go out to Al - ber - ta \_\_\_\_\_ Weath - er's



good there in the fall, I got some friends that I can



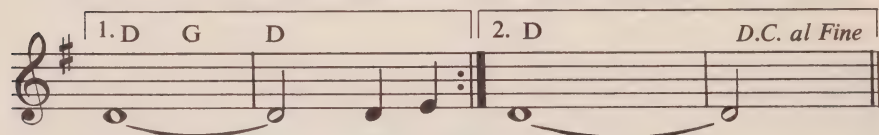
go to work - in' for, \_\_\_\_\_ Still I



wish you'd change your mind If I asked you one more



time But we've been through that a hun-dred times or



more. \_\_\_\_\_ 2. If I there \_\_\_\_\_

**2. If I get there before the snow flies  
And if things are going good,  
You could meet me if I sent you down the fare.  
But by then it would be winter,  
Ain't too much for you to do  
And those winds sure can blow cold way out there.**

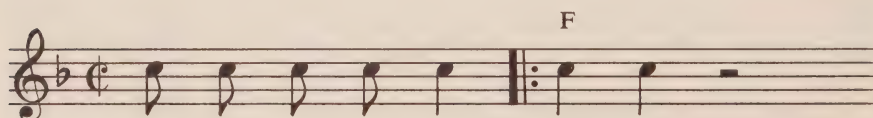
Copyright 1963 by M. Witmark & Sons — used by permission.

## YOU WERE ON MY MIND

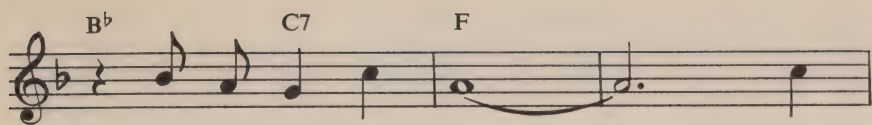
Words and Music by Sylvia Fricker

This haunting folksong was created by Sylvia Fricker, the female half of Ian and Sylvia. The song has remarkable commercial success and is another fine example of the musical accomplishments of Canada's famed folk-singing duo.

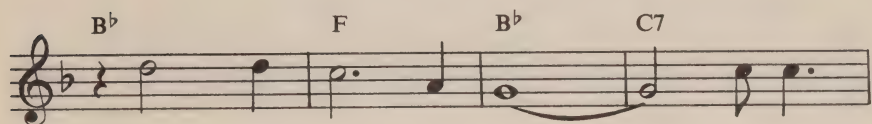
*Cette chanson fascinante a été créée par Sylvia Fricker (Ian et Sylvia). La chanson a eu un succès commercial remarquable et il s'agit d'un autre bel exemple des réalisations de ce duo de folkloristes canadiens bien connus.*



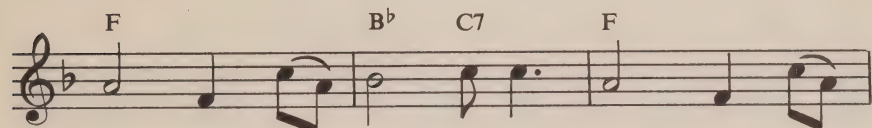
1. When I woke up this morn - in'



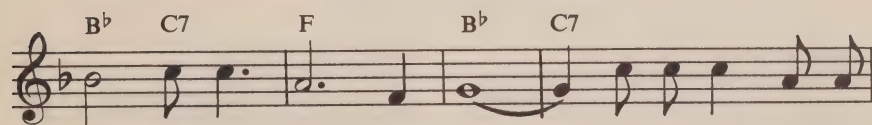
you were on my mind. \_\_\_\_\_ And



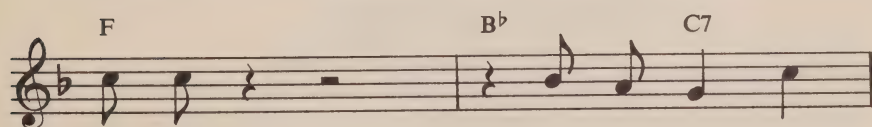
you were on my mind. \_\_\_\_\_ I got



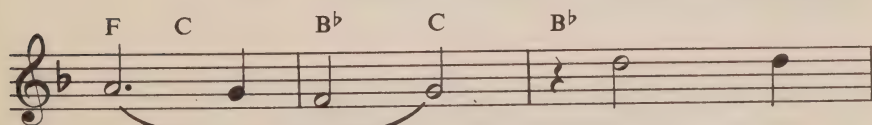
trou - bles, oh, oh, I got wor - ries, oh, \_



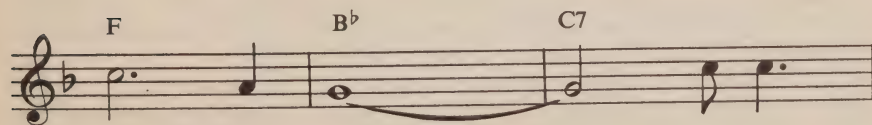
oh, I got wounds to bind. \_\_\_\_ 2. So I went to the



cor - ner Just to ease my

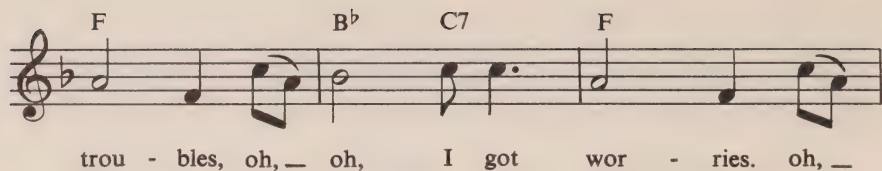


pain. \_\_\_\_\_ Just to



ease my pain, \_\_\_\_\_ I got





F FM7

1. In the ear - ly morn - in' rain \_\_\_\_\_

C Gm7 Am F

\_\_\_\_\_ With a dol - lar in my hand, \_\_\_\_\_

Gm

\_\_\_\_\_ With an ach - in' in my heart \_\_\_\_\_

F

\_\_\_\_\_ And my pock - ets full of sand, \_\_\_\_\_

F Gm

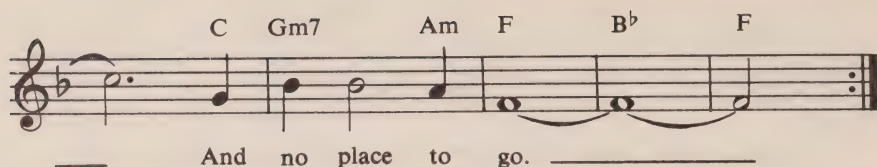
\_\_\_\_\_ I'm a long way from home, \_\_\_\_\_

C F

\_\_\_\_\_ And I miss my loved one so \_\_\_\_\_

FM7

\_\_\_\_\_ In the ear - ly morn - in' rain, \_\_\_\_\_



2. Out on runway number nine  
Big seven-o-seven set to go,  
Well I'm standin' on the grass  
Where the cold wind blows.  
Well, the liquor tasted good  
And the women all were fast,  
Well, there she goes, my friend  
There she's rollin' now at last.
3. Hear the mighty engines roar,  
See the silver bird on high,  
She's away and westward bound  
Far above the clouds she'll fly,  
Where the mornin' rain don't fall  
And the sun always shines,  
She'll be flyin' o'er my home  
In about three hours time.
4. Well, this old airport's got me down,  
It's no earthly good to me,  
'Cause I'm stuck here on the ground  
As cold and drunk as I can be.  
You can't jump a jet plane  
Like you can a freight train,  
So I best be on my way  
In the early mornin' rain.

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## SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT

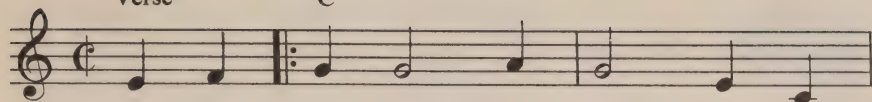
Words and Music by Oscar Brand

The words and music of this song were written by Canada's renowned folk-singer and writer, Oscar Brand, host of the popular television Hootenanny program "Let's Sing Out".

*Les paroles et la musique de cette chanson sont l'oeuvre du folkloriste et compositeur canadien renommé Oscar Brand, l'hôte de la populaire émission de télévision "Let's Sing Out".*

## Verse

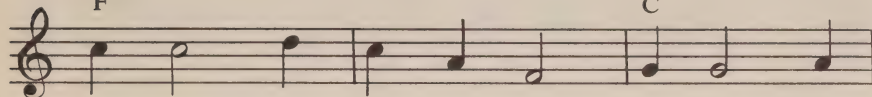
C



1. I have walked cross the sand on the  
wel - comed the dawn from the

F

C

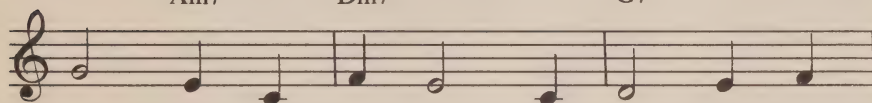


Grand Banks of New - found - land, Lazed on the  
fields of Sas - katch - e - wan, Fol - lowed the

Am7

Dm7

G7



ridge of the Mi - ri - mi - chi. Seen the  
sun to the Van - cou - ver shore. Watched it

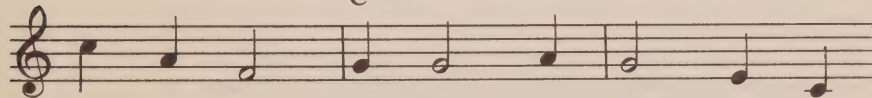
C

F



waves tear and roar at the stone coast of  
climb shin - y new up the snow peaks of

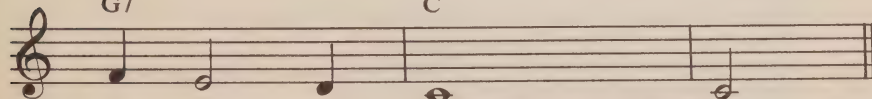
C



Lab - ra - dor, Watched them roll back to the  
Car - i - bou, Up to the clouds where the

G7

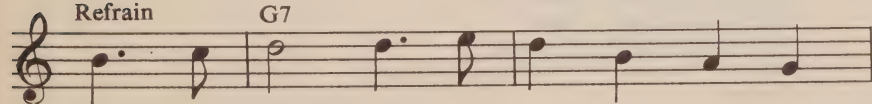
C



great north - ern sea. \_\_\_\_\_  
wild Rock - ies soar. \_\_\_\_\_

## Refrain

G7



From the Van - cou - ver Is - land to the



Al - ber - ta High - land, Cross the prai - rie, the  
 Lakes to On - ta - ri - o's — towers. From the  
 sound of Mount Roy - al's chimes out to the  
 Mar - i - times, Some - thing To Sing A - bout  
 this land of ours. — 2. I have ours. —

3. I have heard the wild wind sing the places that I have been,  
 Bay Bull and Red Deer and Strait of Belle Isle.  
 Names like Grand Mère and Silverthrone, Moosejaw and Marrowbone,  
 Trails of the pioneer, named with a smile.  
 (Chorus)
4. I have wandered my way to the wild wood of Hudson Bay,  
 Treated my toes to Quebec's morning dew.  
 Where the sweet summer breeze kissed the leaves of the maple trees,  
 Sharing this song that I'm singing to you.  
 (Chorus)
5. Yes, there's something to sing about  
 Tune up a string about  
 Call out in chorus or quietly hum  
 Of a land that's still young  
 With a ballad that's still unsung  
 Telling the promise of great things to come.  
 (Chorus)

# AROUND THE WORLD

## AUTOUR DU MONDE

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### SECTION II

## WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong  
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,  
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,  
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!"

### CHORUS:

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!  
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,  
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!"

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong,  
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,  
And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck in his tucker bag,  
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!"

Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred,  
Down came the troopers, one, two, three,  
"Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag?"  
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!"

Up jumped the swagman, sprang into the billabong,  
"You'll never catch me alive," said he,  
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,  
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!"

"swagman"	— a man on tramp carrying his swag, which means a bundle wrapped up in a blanket.
"billabong"	— a water hole in the dried-up bed of a river
"coolibah"	— eucalyptus tree
"billy"	— a tin can used as a kettle
"jumbuck"	— a sheep
"tucker"	— food
"Waltzing Matilda"	— carrying one's bundle (swag) going on a tramp
"squatter"	— sheep farmer on a large scale.

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## QU'IL FAIT BON VIVRE

Qu'il fait bon vivre  
Quand on revient chez soi  
Que l'on revoit le toit  
Où nous attend la joie  
La joie de vivre  
Les amis d'autrefois  
Bonjour me revoilà

### — 1 —

Sur les chemins, par le monde  
J'ai navigué longtemps  
Avant de m'apercevoir  
Que notre terre était ronde  
Comme un ballon d'enfant  
Je reviens plein d'espoir  
Qu'il fait bon . . .

### — 2 —

Qu'il fait bon vivre  
Au ciel de son pays  
Après de longues nuits  
Et de longs jours d'oubli  
Qu'il fait bon vivre  
Ah! qu'il est bon le jour  
Le jour de son retour.

## OH, MARY, DON'T YOU WEEP

### CHORUS:

Oh, Mary, don't you weep, don't you mourn;  
Oh, Mary, don't you weep, don't you mourn;  
Pharoah's army got drowned,  
Oh, Mary, don't you weep.  
If I could I surely would  
Stand on the rock where Moses stood.  
Pharoah's army got drowned,  
Oh, Mary, don't you weep.

Wonder what Satan's a-grumblin' 'bout,  
Chained in Hell an' he can't git out.

Oh Satan's mad an' I am glad,  
Missed that soul he thought he had.

My head got wet in the midnight dew,  
Sister, won't you bear me a witness, too?

I went down in the valley to pray,  
My soul got happy and I stayed all way.

Brother, better mind how you walk on the Cross,  
Foot might slip and your soul get los'.

God told Noah to build him an ark,  
Noah built the ark outa hick'ry bark.

One of these nights about twelve o'clock,  
This old world's going to reel and rock.

## AH! SI MON MOINE VOULAIT DANSER

1. Ah, si mon moine voulait danser!  
AH, SI MON MOINE VOULAIT  
DANSER!  
Un capuchon je lui donnerais!  
UN CAPUCHON JE LUI  
DONNERAIS!  
DANSE MON MOIN' DANSE!  
TU N'ENTENDS PAS  
LA DANSE!  
TU N'ENTENDS PAS MON  
MOULIN, LON-LA!  
TU N'ENTENDS PAS MON  
MOULIN MARCHER!

2. Ah, si mon moine voulait danser!  
(bis)  
Un ceinturon je lui donnerais!  
(bis)  
DANSE . . . (etc.)

3. Ah, si mon moine voulait danser!  
(bis)  
Un chapelet je lui donnerais!  
(bis)  
DANSE . . . (etc.)

4. Ah, si mon moine voulait danser!  
(bis)  
Un beau psautier je lui donnerais!  
(bis)  
DANSE . . . (etc.)

5. Ah, si mon moine voulait danser!  
(bis)  
Un froc de bur' je lui donnerais!  
DANSE . . . (etc.)



## ZOUM GALI

**Choeur:**

Zoum gali gali gali  
Zoum gali gali (bis)

**Choeur:**

Zoum gali gali gali  
Zoum gali gali (bis)

**Solo:**

Ea louts lémens a vodah!

**Solo:**

A vodah! lémens ea louts.

## THREE JOLLY COACHMEN

Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern (2)  
And they decided (3)  
To have another flagon.

Landlord, fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over (2)  
For tonight we'll merry be (3)  
Tomorrow we'll be sober.

Here's to the man who drinks pure water and goes to bed quite sober (2)  
He falls as the leaves do fall (3)  
He'll die before October.

Here's to the man who drinks dark ale and goes to bed quite mellow (2)  
He lives as he ought to live (3)  
And dies a jolly good fellow.

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother (2)  
She's a foolish thing (3)  
For she'll never get another.

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and stays to steal another (2)  
She's a boon to all mankind (3)  
For soon she'll be a mother.

## CHEVALIERS DE LA TABLE RONDE

1. Chevaliers de la Table Ronde,  
Goûtons voir si le vin est bon.  
Goûtons voir, OUI OUI, OUI!  
Goûtons voir, NON, NON, NON!  
Goûtons voir si le vin est bon.  
GOUTONS VOIR, OUI, OUI, OUI!  
GOUTONS VOIR, NON, NON,  
NON!  
GOUTONS VOIR SI LE VIN EST  
BON!

2. S'il est bon, s'il est agréable,  
J'en boirai jusqu'à mon plaisir  
J'en boirai—OUI, OUI, OUI! (etc.)

3. Si je meurs, je veux qu'on m'enterre  
Dans la cave où il ya du bon vin!  
Dans la cave—OUI, OUI, OUI! (etc.)

4. Les deux pieds contre la muraille,  
Et la tête sous le robinet!  
Et la tête—OUI, OUI, OUI! (etc.)

5. Sur ma tombe je veux qu'on inscrive:  
"Ici git le roi des buveurs!"  
Ici git!—OUI, OUI, OUI! (etc.)

6. La morale de cette histoire,  
C'est de boire avant de mourir!  
C'est de boire!—OUI, OUI, OUI!  
(etc.)

## THE BLUE-TAIL FLY

When I was young I used to wait  
On master and give him his plate,  
And pass the bottle when he got dry,  
And brush away the blue-tail fly.

Jimmie crack corn and I don't care,  
Jimmie crack corn and I don't care,  
Jimmie crack corn and I don't care,  
My master's gone away.

And when he'd ride in the afternoon,  
I'd follow after with a hickory broom;  
The pony being rather shy  
When bitten by the blue-tail fly.

One day he rode around the farm;  
The flies so numerous they did swarm;  
One chanced to bite him on the thigh,—  
The devil take the blue-tail fly.

The pony run, he jump, he pitch,  
He threw my master in the ditch.  
He died, and the jury wondered why—  
The verdict was the blue-tail fly.

They laid him under a 'simmon tree,  
His epitaph is there to see,  
"Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie,  
A victim of the blue-tail fly."

## THE GYPSY ROVER

The gypsy rover came over the hill,  
And down thro' the valley so shady.  
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang  
And he won the heart of a lady.

Ah dee do, ah dee do da day,  
Ah dee do, ah dee day dee.  
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang.  
And he won the heart of a lady.

She left her father's castle gate;  
She left her own true lover;  
She left her servants and her estate  
To follow the gypsy rover.

Her father saddled his fastest steed  
And roamed the valley all over.  
He sought his daughter at great speed,  
And the whistling gypsy rover.

He came at last to a mansion fine  
Down by the River Clyde;  
And there was music and there was wine  
For the gypsy and his lady.

"He's no gypsy, my father", said she,  
 "He's lord of freelands all over;  
 And I will stay till my dying day  
 With my whistling gypsy rover."

From *Hootenany Tonight!* by James F. Leisey. (C) 1964 Fawcett Publications, Inc.

## A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE

1. A la claire fontaine, m'en allant  
 promener,  
 J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle, que je m'y  
 suis baigné.  
**IL Y A LONGTEMPS QUE JE  
 T'AIME,  
 JAMAIS JE NE T'OUBLIERAI.**
2. J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle, que je m'y  
 suis baigné,  
 Sous les feuilles d'un chêne, je me  
 suis fait sécher.  
**IL Y A . . . (Etc.)**
3. Sous les feuilles d'un chêne, je me  
 suis fait sécher;  
 Sur la plus haute branche, un  
 rossignol chantait. (Etc.)
4. Sur la plus haute branche, un  
 rossignol chantait.  
 Chante, rossignol, chante, toi qui as  
 le coeur gai. (Etc.)
5. Chante, rossignol, chante, toi  
 qui as le coeur gai;  
 Tu as le coeur à rire, moi, je  
 l'ai-t-à pleurer. (Etc.)
6. Tu as le coeur à rire, moi, je  
 l'ai-t-à pleurer;  
 J'ai perdu ma maîtresse sans l'avoir  
 mérité. (Etc.)

## PARTONS LA MER EST BELLE!

— 1 —

Amis, partons sans bruit;  
 La pêche sera bonne,  
 La lune qui rayonne  
 Eclairera la nuit.  
 Il faut qu'avant l'aurore  
 Nous soyons de retour,  
 Pour sommeiller encore  
 Avant qu'il soit grand jour.

### REFRAIN

Partons, la mer est belle;  
 Embarquons-nous, pêcheurs,  
 Guidons notre nacelle,  
 Ramons avec ardeur.  
 Aux mâts hissons les voiles,  
 Le ciel est pur et beau;  
 Je vois briller l'étoile  
 Qui guide les matelots!

— 2 —

Ainsi chantait mon père,  
Lorsqu'il quitta le port.  
Il ne s'attendait guère  
A y trouver la mort.  
Par les vents, par l'orage,  
Il fut surpris soudain:  
Et d'un cruel naufrage  
Il subit le destin.

— 3 —

Je n'ai plus que ma mère  
Qui ne possède rien;  
Elle est dans la misère,  
Je suis son seul soutien.  
Ramons, ramons bien vite,  
Je l'aperçois là-bas,  
Je la vois qui m'invite  
En me tendant les bras.

## JOSHUA FIT THE BATTLE OF JERICO

### CHORUS:

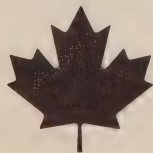
Joshua fit the battle of Jericho, Jericho, Jericho;  
Joshua fit the battle of Jericho, and the walls came tumblin' down.

You may talk about your kings of Gideon,  
You may talk about your men of Saul,  
But there's none like good old Joshua,  
At the battle of Jericho.

Well, the Lord done told old Joshua:  
"You must do just what I say,  
March 'round that city seven times  
And the walls will tumble away."

So up to the walls of Jericho,  
He marched with spear in hand,  
"Go blow them ram horns, Joshua cried,  
"Cause the battle am in my hand."

Then the lamb, ram, sheep horns began to blow,  
And the trumpet began to sound,  
Joshua told the children to shout, that mornin'  
And the walls came tumblin' down.





## IL N'Y A QU'UN SEUL DIEU

### Refrain:

Il n'y a qu'un seul Dieu qui règne dans les cieux!  
Il n'y a qu'un seul Dieu qui règne dans les cieux!  
On dit qu'il y en a deux.  
Deux Testaments: l'ancien et le nouveau.

On dit qu'il y en a trois  
On dit qu'il y en a quat'  
On dit qu'il y en a cinq.  
On dit qu'il y en a six.  
On dit qu'il y en a sept.  
On dit qu'il y en a huit.  
On dit qu'il y en a neuf  
On dit qu'il y en a dix.  
On dit qu'il y en a onze.  
On dit qu'il y en a douze

Les Trois-Rivières  
Cathrin' de Russie  
Cincinnati  
System' métrique  
C'est épatant!  
Huître malpèque  
(N) euf à la coque  
Disputez-vous?  
On s'désennuie!  
D'où c'que tu d'viens?

## JOHN B. SAILS

Oh, we came on the sloop John B., my grandfather and me,  
Round Nassau town we did roam,  
Drinkin' all night, we got in a fight,  
I feel so break-up, I want to go home.

So hoist up the John B. sails, see how the mains'l's set,  
Send for the cap'n ashore, lemme go home!  
Lemme go home! Lemme go home!  
I feel so break-up, I just want to go home.

The first mate he got drunk, break up the people's trunk,  
Constable come aboard and take him away,  
Mr. Johnstone, please let me alone,  
I feel so break-up, I just want to go home.

The poor cook he got fits, throw 'way all the grits,  
Then he took and eat up all o' my corn,  
Lemme go home, I want to go home,  
This is the worst trip, since I been born.



## GREENSLEEVES

Alas, my love, you do me wrong  
To cast me off discourteously;  
And I have loved you so long,  
Delighting in thy company.

Greensleeves was my delight,  
Greensleeves was all my joy,  
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,  
And who but my lady Greensleeves.

I have been ready at your hand,  
To grant whatever you would crave;  
I have both waged life and land,  
Your love and good-will for to have.

My men were clothed all in green,  
And they did ever wait on thee;  
All this was gallant to be seen;  
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing  
But still thou hadst it readily,  
Thy music still to play and sing,  
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Well, I will pray to God on high,  
That thou my constancy mayst see,  
And that yet once before I die,  
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me.

## SUR LA ROUTE DE BERTHIER

Sur la route de Berthier,  
Sur la route de Berthier,  
Il y avait un cantonnier,  
Il y avait un cantonnier  
Et qui cassait  
Et qui cassait des tas d'cailloux,  
Des tas d'cailloux,  
Et qui cassait des tas d'cailloux  
Pour mettr' sous l'passag' des roues,  
roues, roues, roues.  
Ah! que la route est belle, belle, que la  
route est belle, belle à Berthier!

Un' grand' dam' vint à passer,  
Un' grand' dam' vint à passer  
Dans un beau carross' doré,  
Dans un beau carross' doré,  
Et qui lui dit:  
Et qui lui dit:  
"Pauvr' cantonnier"  
Pauvr' cantonnier  
Et qui lui dit: "Pauvr' cantonnier  
Tu fais un fichu métier, tier, tier, tier.  
Ah! que la route est belle, belle, que la  
route est belle, belle à Berthier!

Le cantonnier lui répond: (bis)  
"Faut que j'nourris' mes garçons, (bis)  
Car si j'roulions (bis) carross' comm'  
vous, (bis)  
Car si j'roulions carross' comm' vous,  
Je n'casserions point d'cailloux,  
Iou, iou, iou"

Cett' répons' fut remarqué' (bis)  
Par sa grand' simplicité: (bis)  
C'est c'qui prouv' que (bis) les  
malheureux (bis)  
C'est c'qui prouv' que les malheureux  
S'ils le sont, c'est malgré z'eux,  
Z'eux, s'eux, s'eux.

## I'SE THE B'Y THAT BUILDS THE BOAT

I'se the b'y that builds the boat,  
And I'se the b'y that sails her!  
I'se the b'y that catches the fish  
And takes 'em home to Li-zer.

### Refrain:

Hip yer partner, Sally Tibbo!  
Hip yer partner, Sally Brown!  
Fogo, Twillingate, Morton's Harbour,  
All around the circle!

Sods and rinds to cover yer flake,  
Cake and tea for supper,  
Codfish in the spring o' the year  
Fried in maggoty butter.

I don't want your maggoty fish,  
That's no good for winter;  
I could buy as good as that  
Down in Bonavista.

I took Lizer to a dance,  
And faith, but she could travel!  
And every step that she did take  
Was up to her knees in gravel.

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## THE RIDDLE SONG

I gave my love a cherry that has no stone,  
I gave my love a chicken that has no bone,  
I gave my love a ring that has no end,  
I gave my love a baby that's no cry-en.

How can there be a cherry that has no stone?  
How can there be a chicken that has no bone?  
How can there be a ring that has no end?  
How can there be a baby that's no cry-en?

A cherry when it's bloomin', it has no stone;  
A chicken when it's pippin', it has no bone;  
A ring when it's rollin', it has no end;  
A baby when it's sleepin', it's no cry-en.

## ALLONGEONS LA JAMBE

Ma poul' n'a plus qu'vingt neuf poussins.  
Me poule n'a plus qu'vingt neuf poussins.  
Elle en avait trente (2)  
Allongérons la jambe (2)  
Allongérons la jambe, la jambe  
Car la route est longue  
Allongérons la jambe, la jambe  
Car la route est longue

Continuer avec:

vingt-huit poussins  
vingt-sept poussins  
etc.

## BONSOIR, MES AMIS, BONSOIR!

Bonsoir, mes amis, bonsoir,  
Bonsoir, mes amis, bonsoir!  
Bonsoir, mes amis, Bonsoir, mes amis,  
Bonsoir, mes amis, bonsoir!  
Au revoir!

Quand on est si bien ensemble,  
Pourquoi donc se séparer?  
Quand on est si bien ensemble,  
Pourquoi donc se séparer?

## I AIN'T GONNA GRIEVE MY LORD NO MORE

I grieve my Lord (I grieve my Lord)  
From day to day (from day to day)  
I left de straight (I left de straight)  
And narrow way (and narrow way)  
I grieve my Lord from day to day,  
I left de straight and narrow way,  
I ain't gonna grieve  
My Lord no more.

I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more,  
I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more,  
I ain't gonna grieve  
My Lord no more.

(similarly:)

Oh, de deacon went down,  
To de cellar to pray,  
And he got drunk,  
And he stayed all day.

You can't get to heaven  
In a rocking chair,  
'Cause de Lord don't want  
No lazybones dere.

You can't get to heaven  
On a pair of skis;  
You'll shuss right through  
Saint Peter's knees.

You can't get to heaven  
In a limousine,  
'Cause the Lord don't sell  
No gasoline.

You can't get to heaven  
On roller skates,  
You'll roll right by  
Those pearly gates.

De devil he wears  
A hypocrite's shoe,  
If you don't watch out  
He'll put it on you.

Oh, some dark night  
'Bout twelve o'clock,  
Dis here ole world  
Gonna reel and rock.



Attends moi ti-gars  
 Tu vas tomber si j'suis pas là  
 Le plaisir de l'un  
 C'est d'voir l'autr'se casser le cou

1. La voisine a ri d'nous autr'  
 Parce qu'on avait douze enfants  
 Changé son fusil d'épaule  
 Depuis qu'elle en a autant  
 Attends moi . . .

2. Quand le patron te raconte  
 Que t'es adroit et gentil  
 Sois sur que t'es le nigaud  
 Qui fait marcher son bateau  
 Attends moi . . .

3. Il est jeune il est joli  
 Il est riche il est poli  
 Mais une chose l'ennuie  
 C'est son valet qu'a l'génie  
 Attends moi . . .

4. L'argent est au bas d'l'échelle  
 Et le talent par en haut  
 C'est pourquoi personne en haut  
 Pourtant la vue est plus belle  
 Attends moi . . .

5. Parce'que j'avais pas d'manteau  
 J'ai pris la peau de mon chien  
 Tu vois y'a pas plus salaud  
 Que moi qui chante ce refrain  
 Attends moi . . .

6. Quand on me dit va adrette  
 C'est à gauche que je m'attelle  
 Vous qu'aux enfers on rejette  
 On s'verra peut-être au ciel  
 Attends moi . . .

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## VIVE LA COMPAGNIE VIVE L'AMOUR

J'ai descendu dans mon jardin,  
 Vive la compagnie!  
 C'était pour cueillir du raisin,  
 Vive la compagnie!

Oh vive-la, vive-la, vive l'amour  
 Oh vive-la, vive-la, vive l'amour  
 Vive la vie, vive l'amour,  
 Vive la compagnie!

N'en avais pas cuelli trois brins . . .  
 Qu'un rossignol vint sur ma main . . .

Il me dit trois mots en latin . . .  
 Et ces trois mots, les compris bien . . .

Que les vieill's filles ne valent rien!!  
 Les vieux garçons, encore bien moins!!

Let every good fellow now join in a song,  
 Vive la compagnie!  
 Success to each other and pass it along,  
 Vive la compagnie!

Oh, vive la, vive la, vive l'amour  
 Oh, vive la, vive la, vive l'amour,  
 Vive la vie, vive l'amour  
 Vive la compagnie!

A friend on your left, and a friend on  
 your right, . . .  
 In love and good fellowship let us  
 unite . . .

Now wider and wider our circle  
 expands . . .  
 We sing to our comrades in far away  
 lands . . .

## THE RED RIVER VALLEY

'Tis a long time that I have been waiting  
For the words that you never would say,  
But today my last hope it has vanished,  
For they say you are going away.

### Refrain:

Come and sit by my side if you love me,  
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,  
But remember the Red River Valley,  
And the girl that has loved you so true.

From our plains I knew you would be going  
I shall miss your bright eyes and your smile,  
Far from me you are taking the sunshine  
That has brightened my path for a while.

Often think of the Red River Valley.  
Very lonely and sad I shall be.  
Do remember the heart you are breaking;  
Promise you will be faithful to me.

When you sail far across the wide ocean,  
May you never forget these bright hours  
That we spent on the banks of the river  
In the evenings among prairie flowers!

## BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

Written by Bob Dylan

How many roads must a man walk down  
before you call him a man?  
Yes, 'n' How many seas must a white dove sail  
before she sleeps in the sand?  
Yes 'n' How many times must the cannon balls  
fly before the're forever banned?

### CHORUS:

The answer my friend is blowin' in the wind  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exist before  
it is washed to sea?  
Yes 'n' how many years can some people exist  
before they're allowed to be free?  
Yes 'n' how many times can a man turn his  
head pretending he just doesn't see?

How many times must a man look up before  
he can see the sky?  
Yes 'n' how many ears must one man have  
before he can hear people cry?  
Yes 'n' how many deaths will it take till he knows  
that too many people have died?

## LE JOYEUX PROMENEUR (THE HAPPY WANDERER)

Par les sentiers, sous le ciel bleu  
J'aime à me promener,  
Le sac au dos, le coeur joyeux,  
Je me mets à chanter.

Valderi, valdera  
Valderi, valdera-a-a-a-a.  
Valderi, valdera  
Je me mets à chanter.

Parfois suivant du clair ruisseau  
Les folâtres ébats,  
Je l'entends dire dans les roseaux  
Viens chanter avec moi.

Et dans les bois et dans les champs  
Tous les oiseaux jaseurs.  
Mêlant leurs voix, mêlant leurs chants  
Entonnent tous en chœur.

Tous les amis que je rencontre  
Aux hasards du chemin  
A mon salut bientôt répondent  
Par ce même refrain.

Et je serai au long des jours  
Avec la même ardeur,  
Sous le soleil errant toujours  
Un joyeux promeneur.

I love to go a-wandering  
Along the mountain track,  
And as I go I love to sing,  
My knapsack on my back.

Valderi, valdera  
Valderi, valdera-a-a-a-a.  
Valderi, valdera  
My knapsack on my back.

I wave my hat to all I see  
And they wave back to me  
And blackbirds call so loud and sweet  
From every greenwood tree.

I love to wander by the stream  
That dances in the sun,  
So joyously it calls to me,  
"Come! Join my happy song!"

High overhead, the skylarks wing,  
They never rest at home,  
But as I go, I love to sing,  
My knapsack on my back.

Oh may I go a-wandering  
Until the day I die  
And may I always laugh and sing  
Beneath God's clear blue sky.

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## ANI COUNI

Ani, couni, chaounani (bis)  
Awawa, bicana, kaina, (bis)  
Eaouni, bissini. (bis)

## BONHOMME, BONHOMME!

— 1 —

Bonhomm', bonhomm', sais-tu jouer?  
Bonhomm', bonhomm', sais-tu jouer?  
Sais-tu jouer de ce violon-là?  
Sais-tu jouer de ce violon-là?  
Zing, zing, zing, de ce violon-là. là.  
Bonhomm'! Bonhomm'!  
Tu n'es pas maîtr' dans ta maison,  
Quand nous y sommes.

— 2 —

Bonhomm', bonhomm', sais-tu jouer? (bis)  
Sais-tu jouer de cett' flûte-là? (bis)  
Flût', flût', flût', de cett' flûte-là, (bis)  
Zing, zing, zing, de ce violon-là; (bis)  
Bonhomm'! (bis)  
Tu n'es pas maîtr' dans ta maison,  
Quand nous y sommes!

— 3 —

Bonhomm', bonhomm', sais-tu jouer? (bis)  
Sais-tu jouer de ce tambour-là? (bis)  
Boum, boum, boum, de ce  
tambour-là, (bis)  
Flût', flût', flût', de cett' flûte-là, (bis)  
Zing, zing, zing, de ce violon-là; (bis)  
Bonhomm'! (bis)  
Tu n'es pas maîtr' dans ta maison,  
Quand nous y sommes!

— 4 —

Bonhomm', bonhomm', sais-tu jouer? (bis)  
Sais-tu jouer de ce cornet-là? (bis)  
Taratata, de ce cornet-là, (bis)  
Boum, boum, boum, de ce  
tambour-là, (bis)  
Flût', flût', flût', de cett' flûte-là, (bis)  
Zing, zing, zing, de ce violon-là; (bis)  
Bonhomm'! (bis)  
Tu n'es pas maîtr' dans ta maison,  
Quand nous y sommes!

— 5 —

Bonhomm', bonhomm', sais-tu jouer? (bis)  
Sais-tu jouer de cett' bouteill'-là? (bis)  
Glou, glou, glou, de cett' bouteill'-là, (bis)  
Taratata, de ce cornet-là, (bis)  
Boum, boum, boum, de ce  
tambour-là, (bis)  
Flût', flût', flût', de cett' flûte-là, (bis)  
Zing, zing, zing, de ce violon-là; (bis)  
Bonhomm'! (bis)  
Tu n'es pas maîtr' dans ta maison,  
Quand nous y sommes!

## JACK WAS EVERY INCH A SAILOR

Now, 'twas twenty-five or thirty years since Jack first saw the light,  
He came into this world of woe one dark and stormy night.  
He was born on board his father's ship as she was lying to  
'Bout twenty-five or thirty miles south-east of Bacalhao.



### REFRAIN:

Jack was every inch a sailor,  
Five and twenty years a whaler;  
Jack was every inch a sailor,  
He was born on the bright blue sea.

When Jack grew up to be a man, he went to Labrador;  
He fished in Indian Harbour where his father fished before;  
On his returning in the fog, he met a heavy gale,  
And Jack was swept into the sea and swallowed by a whale.

The whale went straight for Baffin's Bay 'bout ninety knots an hour,  
And every time he'd blow a spray, he'd send it in a shower.  
"Oh, now," says Jack unto himself, "I must see what he's about".  
He caught the whale all by the tail and turned him inside out.

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### THE FOX

The fox went out on a chilly night,  
Prayed for the moon to give him light,  
For he'd many a mile to go that night,  
Before he reached the town-o,  
Town-o, Town-o,  
For he'd many a mile to go that night  
Before he reached the town-o.

He ran till he came to a great big pen  
Where the ducks and the geese were put therein.  
"A couple of you will grease my chin  
Before I leave this town-o,  
Town-o, Town-o,  
A couple of you will grease my chin  
Before I leave this town-o.

He grabbed the gray goose by the neck,  
Threw a duck across his back,  
He didn't mind their quack, quack, quack,  
And their legs all dangling down-o, (etc.)

The old mother Flipper-Flopper jumped out of bed,  
Out of the window she cocked her head,  
Crying, "John, John, the gray goose is gone,  
And the fox is on the town-o, (etc.)

Then John, he went to the top of the hill,  
Blowed his horn both loud and shrill,  
The fox, he said, "I better flee with my kill  
Or they'll soon be on my trail-o, (etc.)

He ran till he came to his cozy den,  
There were the little ones, eight, nine, ten,  
They said, "Daddy, better go back again,  
For it must be a mighty fine town-o, (etc.)

Then the fox and his wife without any strife  
Cut up the goose with a fork and knife,  
They never had such a supper in their life,  
And the little ones chewed on the bones-o, (etc.)

## SI TOUS LES GARS DU MONDE

Si tous les gars du monde  
Voulaient se donner la main  
Et partageaient un bon matin  
Leurs espoirs et leurs chagrins  
Si tous les gars du monde  
Décidaient d'être copains  
Et marchaient la main dans la main  
Le bonheur serait pour demain.

Ne parlez pas de différence,  
Ne dites pas qu'il est trop blond  
Ou qu'il est noir comme du charbon  
Ni même qu'il n'est pas né en France

Aimez-les n'importe comment  
Même si leur geule va vous surprendre  
L'amour c'est comme au régiment  
Il faut pas chercher à comprendre.

J'ai mes ennuis et vous les vôtres  
Mais moi je compte sur les gars  
Les copains qu'on ne connaît pas  
Peuvent nous consoler des autres  
Tous les espoirs nous sont permis  
Le bonheur c'est une habitude  
Avec 200 millions d'amis  
On ne craint pas la solitude.

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## YOUPPE! YOUPPE! SUR LA RIVIÈRE

### — 1 —

Par un dimanche au soir, M'en allant promener,  
Et moi et puis François, tous deux de compagnie,  
Chez le bonhomm' Gauthier nous avons 'té veiller,  
Je vais vous raconter l'tour qui m'est arrivé.

### REFRAIN

Youppe! Youppe! sur la rivière,  
Vous ne m'entendez guère,  
Youppe! Youppe! sur la rivière,  
Vous ne m'entendez pas.

### — 2 —

J'y allumai ma pipe, comm' c'était la façon,  
Disant quelques parol's aux gens de la maison,  
Je dis à Délima: "Me permettriez-vous  
De m'éloigner des autr's pour m'approcher de vous?"

### — 3 —

"Ah! oui, vraiment, dit-elle, avec un grand plaisir,  
Tu es venu ce soir, c'est seulement pour en rire;  
Tu es trop infidèle pour me parler d'amour:  
T'as la p'tit Jérémie que tu aimes toujours."

### — 4 —

Revenons au bonhomm' qu'est dans lit, couché,  
Criant à haute voix: "Lima, va te coucher!  
Les gens de la campagne, des vill's et des faubourgs,  
Retirez-vous d'ici, car il fait bientôt jour!"

### — 5 —

J'n'attends pas qu'on me l'dise pour la seconde fois,  
Et je dis à François: "T'en viens-tu quand et moi?  
Bonsoir, ma Délima, je file mon chemin!"  
Je m'en allais nu-tête, mon chapeau à la main.

## THE SHIP TITANIC

Oh, they built the ship Titanic, to sail the ocean blue,  
And they thought they had a ship that the water would never leak through,  
But the Lord's almighty hand knew this ship would never stand.  
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Chorus:

Oh, it was sad; oh, it was sad;  
It was sad when that great ship went down, to the bottom of the sea  
Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives,  
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Oh, they sailed from England, and were almost to the shore,  
When the rich refused to associate with the poor,  
So they put them down below, where they were the first to go.  
It was sad when that great ship went down.

The boat was full of sin, and the sides about to burst,  
When the captain shouted, "A-women and children first!"  
Oh, the captain tried to wire, but the lines were all on fire.  
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Oh, they swung the lifeboats out o'er the deep and raging sea,  
When the band struck up with "A-nearer My God to Thee."  
Little children wept and cried, as the waves swept o'er the side.  
It was sad when that great ship went down.

## I WAS BORN ABOUT A THOUSAND YEARS AGO

I was born about a thousand years ago,  
And there's nothing in the world that I don't know,  
I saw Peter, Paul, and Moses playing ring around the roses.  
And I'll lick the guy that says it isn't so.

I saw Satan when he looked the garden o'er,  
Saw Adam and Eve driven from the door,  
And behind the bushes peeping, saw the apple they was eating.  
And I'll swear that I'm the guy that ate the core.

I saw Jonah when he shoved off in the whale,  
And I thought he'd never live to tell the tale,  
But old Jonah's eaten garlic, and he gave the whale the colic,  
So he coughed him up and let him outta jail.

I saw Israel in the battle of the Nile;  
The arrows were flyin' thick and fast and wild.  
I saw David with his sling, pop Goliath on the wing;  
I was doin' forty seconds to the mile.

I saw Samson when he laid the village cold,  
Saw Daniel tame the lions in their hold,  
I helped build the tower of Babel up as high as they were able,  
And there's lots of other things I haven't told.

## AUPRÈS DE MA BLONDE

### REFRAIN:

AUPRES DE MA BLONDE  
QU'IL FAIT BON, FAIT BON, FAIT BON!  
AUPRES DE MA BLONDE QU'IL  
FAIT BON RESTER!

1. Au jardin de mon père les lauriers sont fleuris,  
AU JARDIN DE MON PERE LES LAURIERS  
SONT FLEURIS,  
Tous les oiseaux du monde s'en vont y fair' leurs nids,  
AUPRES DE MA BLONDE . . . (Etc.)
2. La caill', la tourterelle, et la jolie perdrix (REPEAT)  
Et la blanche colombe qui chante jour et nuit.  
AUPRES . . . (Etc.)

### REFRAIN:

OH! JUST TO BE WITH YOU,  
I'D BE HAPPY EV'RY DAY!  
OH! JUST TO BE WITH YOU,  
I'D BE GLAD TO STAY!

All in my father's garden, the flowers bloom so gay,

(See Page 54—Favourite French Folk Songs for  
English version).

3. Ell' chante pour les filles qui n'ont pas de mari, (REPEAT)  
Ell' ne chant' pas pour moi, car j'en ai-t-un joli.  
(REFRAIN)
4. Il n'est point dans la danse, il est bien loin d'ici (REPEAT)  
"Dites-nous donc, la belle, où donc est votr' mari?"  
(REFRAIN)
5. Il est dans la Hollande, les Hollandais l'ont pris, (REPEAT)  
"Que donneriez-vous, belle, pour qu'on vous le rendit?"  
(REFRAIN)
6. Je donnerais Versailles, Paris et Saint-Denis, (REPEAT)  
Les tours de Notre-Dame et l'clocher d'mon pays!  
(REFRAIN)
7. Et la claire fontaine de mon jardin joli, (REPEAT)  
Et ma jolie colombe pour avoir mon mari!  
(REFRAIN)



## LET MY LITTLE LIGHT SHINE

This little light of mine, I'm going to let it shine,  
This little light of mine, I'm going to let it shine,  
This little light of mine, I'm going to let it shine,  
Everyday, everyday, everyday, gonna let my little light shine.

On Monday he gave me the gift of love,  
Tuesday peace came from above,  
Wednesday told me to have more faith,  
Thursday gave me a little more grace,  
Friday told me to watch and pray;  
Saturday told me just what to say,  
Sunday gave me power divine,  
Just to let my little light shine.

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## LES IMMORTELLES

Jean-Pierre Ferland

Vous avez nom que je voudrais pour ma  
maîtresse  
Vous avez nom que les amants devraient  
connaître  
Mais ils vivront ce que vivent les roses  
L'espace d'un vous savez quoi  
Ne s'appelleront jamais immortelles  
Ne seront jamais qu'un feu de joie.

Vous ne saurez jamais le soir d'une  
vieillesse  
Où vieil amour sur vieil amour là on se  
berce  
Le coeur usé mais plus tendre qu'avant  
Fragile à l'oeil, sensible au vent  
Sachent la vie sur son dernier printemps  
Pauvres immortelles.

Le plus se tresse ma chanson, le plus  
je pense  
Que ce qui meurt a plus de poids et  
d'importance  
J'aime la vie ma vie à ma façon  
J'aime l'amour et le printemps  
Et je voudrais se soir que ma chanson  
S'achève et meurt tout doucement.

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## THE MORE WE GET TOGETHER

The more we get together,  
Together, together.

For your friends are my friends  
And my friends are your friends;

The more we get together,  
The happier we'll be.

The more we get together,  
The happier we'll be.

## CE N'EST QU'UN AU-REVOIR

Faut-il nous quitter sans espoir,  
Sans espoir de retour?  
Faut-il nous quitter sans espoir  
De nous revoir un jour?

Formons de nos mains qui s'enlacent,  
Au déclin de ce jour,  
Formons de nos mains qui s'enlacent  
Une chaîne d'amour.

Refrain:

Ce n'est qu'un au revoir, mes frères,  
Ce n'est qu'un au revoir;  
Oui, nous nous reverrons, mes frères,  
Ce n'est qu'un au revoir.

## AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brot to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days of auld lang syne?

Refrain:

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne;  
We'll take a cup of kindness yet  
For auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty frien'  
And gie's a hand o' thine;  
We'll take a cup of kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.





# KEEP RIGHT ON SINGIN' CHANTONS TOUJOURS

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## SECTION III



You surely know many more songs than those in the front section of this book. Here are a few suggested titles — see if you can remember the words. . . .

*Vous connaissez sûrement plusieurs autres chansons qui ne figurent pas dans le recueil. Voici des titres, voyons si vous vous souvenez des paroles. . . .*

Mon pays ce n'est pas un pays, c'est l'hiver; When the Saints Go Marching in; Les Fleurs de Macadam; Green Fields; Bozo; Lemon Tree; Pendant Que; Don't Let the Rain Come Down; Nous serons cent, nous serons mille; Never on a Sunday; Il avait fait fortune; Hava Naguila; Dominique; Ah! Si mon moine voulait danser; I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover; Mon Chapeau — C'est le plus beau jour de ma vie;

There is a Tavern in the Town; Qu'on est bien; Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; La Marie — T'en fais pas la Marie t'est jolie; In the Good Old Summertime; Les Moines de Saint Bernardin; Down in the Valley; Sur les Monts — La route est dure sur la montagne; My Bonnie; Sur tous les Chemins du monde; Down by the Old Mill Stream;

Un jour tu verras; She wore a Yellow Ribbon; Un fleur au chapeau; Home on the Range; Envoyons de l'avant; Swanee River; Feu, feu jolie feu; You Are My Sunshine; Moi mes souliers; Perrine était servante; Shenandoah; L'Hymne au printemps; Hernando's Hideaway;

Sur le Pont d'Avignon; En roulant ma boule; Blood on the Saddle; Marche à la vie; Gai luron des Flandres; The Band Played On; Les joyeux troubadours; Oh Dear What Can the Matter Be; Abeline; In the Evening by the Moonlight; J'ai perdu le 'Do' de ma clarinette; Nine Hundred Miles; Trois canards; Five Hundred Miles; Marianne s'en va-t-en guerre; We Shall Not be Moved; Green Grow the Rushes; Quand les bateaux s'en vont;

She'll be Coming 'Round the Mountain — Elle contournera la montagne; Savez-vous planter des choux; Clementine; Mon merle; Le mur; Milord; Le petit navire; We Shall Overcome; l'eau vive; I Know Where I'm Going; Le temps du muguet; Sound Off; Quand vous mourrez de nos amours; Anchors Away; Marianne s'en va-t-au moulin;

Allouette; Jack Monnoloy; j'ai lié ma botte; The Yellow Rose of Texas; Ils ont les chapeaux ronds; I Walk the Line; Vive les matelots; Cool Water; A Quebec au claire de lune; If I Had a Hammer; When Irish Eyes are Smiling; Harvest Moon; Autumn Leaves; Oh What a Beautiful Morning; Somewhere Over the Rainbow; Do-Re-Mi; Jamaica Farewell; They Call the Wind Maria; Sinner Man; Tom Dooley; Green Leaves of Summer; Where Have all the Flowers Gone; Ezekiel Saw the Wheel a Turning; Go Tell it on the Mountain; Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen; Pick a Bale of Cotton; The Streets of Laredo.









